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OUR NATIONAL BANKING SYSTEM.

“Les financiers soutiennent l'État comme la corde soutient le pendu.”—
MONTESQUIEU.

LET the wide difference between the private business of banking and the duty of a national government to coin and issue money be clearly understood. The power to create a national standard of value and to coin or issue money is the prerogative of sovereignty alone, and when delegated to States, corporations, or individuals is so delegated against the spirit of the common law, our written Constitution, and the principle of equal rights for all classes of citizens. Banking represents the clarified essence of the business transactions of the world. One might as well inveigh against roads, steam-engines, markets, and post-offices, as against banks. But banking is only one of a thousand kinds of exchange for private gain, and no more entitled than the others to have influence or power to control, contract, or expand the volume of a national currency. I hold that our national banking system is clothed with all these powers, and necessarily employs them all for private gain, so as to contribute at times to public misfortunes. To begin with, it creates a subsidized class. The national banking system, in brief, is this : that when five or more individuals who

can command, say, \$100,000 form a banking association, they may use that sum to buy United States bonds bearing interest ; and the Government agrees, for the purpose of helping them into the banking business, that it will safely keep those bonds, will continue to pay the interest to those gentlemen, and, in consideration that they engage in that particular business, will stamp the national money-signet upon \$90,000 of bank-notes and deliver them to the association. These notes are expected to have, and do have all the powers of money. The bank lends them like national coin, and can by law enforce the payment of such loans, in coin or other legal tender. Behold our banking association changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from one having \$100,000 of its own money to invest, to one with that amount securely invested and \$90,000 more in hand to lend ! Was ever \$90,000 more deftly taken in ? Were this pretty subsidy the only objection to the system, it might be let alone as more lucky than sinful. But the principle upon which the system is founded is dangerous to the stability of business and steadiness of values. It is a stimulus to speculation and inflation at one time, and contributes to the paralysis of business at another. Its powers are a premium given for the violation of that cardinal principle of political economy, that the power to increase or diminish the standard of value at pleasure should not be given to kings or potentates or powers, not even to Congresses and Presidents, still less to little corporations of private bankers. It needs but a knowledge of the law, and the bank practice under it, to show that the banks have this power, and use it. Let me illustrate.

When the country is prosperous, the banks naturally increase their circulation to meet a lively demand for money. As prosperity rises into speculative activity, over-hopeful views lure to the payment of high interest, and each man that buys makes a profit, and he that fails to buy is left behind, so that the feeling pervades entire communities that buying almost anything is safe. More money is wanted. The banks see profit then in buying bonds and putting out ninety per cent. of new circulation based upon them, thus adding fuel to the spirit of speculation. Let the revulsion come. Immediately there is a contraction of credits by the banks, while the rush for money at any price sends interest still higher on what they dare lend. As the banks gather in their loans, they are afraid to let them out freely as before ; they hold more in reserve ;

more and more as times pinch. If the business-collapse is serious, they bundle their bills back to Washington—"take up our circulation," as they say. In short, after inflating the currency with their notes so as to promote speculation, they are next interested in contracting so as to make the results of a reaction more disastrous. Money-lenders of all kinds then gather in at ebb tide the stranded wrecks of property for pledge of which they loaned those copious issues of bank-notes. By the very nature of their business interests, round and round will revolve this wheel of national bank inflation and contraction. Thus the present system, though an immense improvement in every respect on the heterogeneous old breed of State and "wild-cat" banks that wrought ruin in 1836 and 1857, is nevertheless of the same dangerous family.

The system is a dangerous political power. The unity of the national banking interest threatens the corruption and control of the machinery of political parties. Its power is omnipresent. It is subtle and strong to maintain laws for its own private profit. The Jesuits of two centuries ago had no more efficient organization for controlling with unseen hand the governments under which they lived. Similar fears have been expressed concerning the colossal power wielded by some railway corporations; but in the case of railway companies competition and bitter rivalries neutralize the danger. Not only is one road thrown against another for the benefit of all the people who are not stockholders in those roads, but even the pooling arrangements give the lowest average transportation rates possible. Thus we now have a condition of railway usefulness that makes the present a millennial era for travel and transportation. But the great national banking system has no such popular ramification among all classes of people as railway employment makes. It has no similar competitive interests spanning whole States: competition of water against rail; of rival capitalists and their pride pitted against each other for advantages and victories; of unceasing competitive inventions. The national banking system is a solidarity. Its interests are alike from Maine to Texas, from New York to San Francisco. So far as legislation may be needed to fortify its privileges, or to increase them, there is a singular unity of interest and absence of causes for dissension. Only the feeblest and most local competitive interests neutralize for the public safety these bankers' private interests. Their control over political events where the bank interests are in question

will be greater than that of all other interests. Everywhere good citizens are among the officers, stockholders, and employees, and easily believe their own interests to be the public's. The entire community are depositors, and some of these the bank officers have the power seriously to incommode, and even to ruin. At all elections the bank interest can throw, unseen, the weight of its organized contributions to influence results; while, so far as the community is likely to perceive, it seems a disinterested spectator of what in fact it is directing and controlling.

In Congress, where alone their power may be modified or destroyed, a large number of members of both houses are officers and stockholders of the national banks, and have not yet been known, from any delicate appreciation of their public duties, to refrain from voting on questions concerning the banks on account of having private interests therein. In conversation, at the close of the Garfield-Hancock canvass, with an active Republican politician at the West, concerning that election, the writer remarked that the Republicans had the advantage of the Democrats in the amount of money at their disposition. "Oh, as for that," he replied, "there was enough for all purposes on both sides; more than we could use on our side, I know, for the laws are so stringent that great prudence must be used to avoid prosecution. Why, sir," he continued, "we were telegraphed from the East to draw for all we wanted, and could have had ten times as much as we knew how to use to advantage." How long will it be before money thus freely tendered will find sewers well concealed in which it can flow to the profit of its givers? And who were they that could thus be freely drawn upon? The national banks had a great stake in that campaign. Their charters were soon to expire; the system was fighting for dear life and preferred the *status quo* with the party that gave it birth to the chances with the other. It won; and the system has been fortified with new charters.

F. J. SCOTT.

THE invitation to join in a discussion of the merits of the national banking system implies the existence of an adverse public opinion, important at least, if not controlling, in the politics and policy of the country. It is not easy for one who can recall the financial disasters of 1837 and 1857 to accept the conclusion

so implied. The unification of the currency of a country is an essential condition precedent to uniformity and prosperity in business ; and it is a force of no inconsiderable value in favor of national unity—a force all-pervading in its influence, and constant in its operation.

The United States Bank furnished a degree of relief from the evils of local, and often unsound currency issued by the State banks, but that relief was always partial and often spasmodic. Under the State bank system the merchant and manufacturer of the North and East could neither buy nor sell in any market of the South or West without considering the uncertain element of exchange. The rate of exchange between New York and New Orleans was greater often than the rate between New York and Liverpool. The notes of the New England banks circulated in New England, but they were merchandise in the city of New York. Travelers from the North to the South, and from the East to the West, were the victims of brokers, who supplied currency to meet the demands of the various localities. The phrase “domestic exchange” has disappeared, and the sign of the dealer in bank-notes is no longer seen in the cities and large towns.

The evils of the State bank system are inherent. In the nature of man it is not possible for the legislatures of thirty-eight States to adopt individually, and in such a way as to inspire general confidence, a system that will make the bill-holders secure in case of the failure of a bank. It is not possible for the thirty-eight States, nor for the banks of thirty-eight States, acting separately or collectively, to devise and keep in motion a system of redemption by which a note issued by a bank at Tallahassee, Florida, shall pass current at Portland in Oregon. It is not possible for the thirty-eight States, nor for the banks of the thirty-eight States, to provide a system by which the note of a failed bank in a remote town of Texas shall be of full value and everywhere current. All these advantages, impossible under the State bank system, are now the incidents of the national banking system.

The State banking system was an obstacle to national unity. It turned the attention of the people from the nation to the respective States, and led them to look to the States for that security in business and financial affairs which the States could not furnish. It gave countenance to the doctrine that the States were supreme, and that the national Government was an agency created by the

States and tolerated by the States, in the exercise of those powers, and those only, which the States had transferred to it.

Of the three great results of the war, the unification of the currency is one. First, the re-establishment of the Union upon the basis of its original, inherent, and constitutional right to exist, independent of the will of States; second, the abolition of slavery; and, third, the assertion by the national Government of its right to furnish a paper currency to the exclusion of any right in the premises on the part of States. The reason for the exercise of this power by the national Government is in the nature of our institutions, and the exercise of the power finds support and justification in the Constitution. The power to coin money is denied to the States, and it is vested exclusively in Congress. For this many sufficient reasons may be assigned, but a paramount reason lies in the probability that the States would furnish coins of varying denominations, and of values intrinsically different. These evils would be felt in business in a variety of ways. A statement of accounts made in one jurisdiction would not accord with the statement made in another. As in transactions with England and France we are now compelled to convert pounds and francs into dollars, so under such a system it would have been necessary to convert the coins of one State into their equivalents in other States. By the Constitution we have one standard, the coin of the United States. Unfortunately, at present, the relative market value of silver and gold does not coincide with the nominal value of silver and gold coins. In this fact we have a taste of the greater evils that would have rested upon the country if the coinage of gold and silver had been left in the custody of the respective States. And if it be important to have a uniform standard, is it not equally important that the representative of the value of the standard should be uniform also? This uniformity is secured by the national banking system.

The issue of United States notes—greenbacks—was due to the exigencies of war. The quality of statesmanship did not enter into the measure. The Treasury Department and Congress were subject to a power that they could not resist. The discretionary part of the proceeding, in which a wise statesmanship was exhibited, was in the decision that the notes should be a legal tender for all dues, public and private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt. Whenever a government furnishes a currency by

its direct action, whether that currency is coin or paper, the legal tender quality is an essential condition of its value. One test discloses the absurdity of the non-legal-tender theory. Could a government maintain its existence in an exigency such as this Government was called to meet, in 1862, by the issue of a currency that private debtors could not use in payment of their debts? For what length of time would contractors be able to supply the wants of an army, if the currency received by them could not be used in payment of debts due by them?

The great financial measure of the war was the transfer of the banking system from the control of the States to the jurisdiction of the national Government. The newly organized institutions became the agents of the Government in the sale of bonds, and the efficient means by which a knowledge of their value was carried to the small capitalists of the country. From 1861 to 1865 the credit of the country was so impaired that loans were made with difficulty. The credit of the country is now so well established that the offer of a public loan would be accepted eagerly by capitalists, great and small, in foreign countries as well as in the United States. And such has been the condition of the public credit since 1876 that executive ability has not been required to enable the Government to sell its bonds. When it is necessary to advertise, to urge, to do what in commercial language is called "drumming," the work must be committed to banks and bankers. The financial officers of the Government are not authorized to engage in that work, nor are they qualified to perform it. During the war, and immediately subsequent to it, the national banks made large subscriptions to the loans, and those subscriptions they transferred in smaller amounts to their clients and customers. If it be said that they realized a profit from the business, and that their conduct in those days ought not to control the policy of the Government at the present time, all that may be admitted; but it cannot be assumed that like services will not be required at some future time. Our policy is peace, but there can be no security against war. War is always a possibility, and a sound financial condition is more important to a country than a great navy or a standing army.

It would be unjust to assume that any general apprehension exists that the national banking system is dangerous to the liberties or rights of the people. It is controlled by Congress, and that

body is as fair a representation of the people as are the legislatures of the several States. The banks are distributed over the whole country; they are managed by citizens of the respective States, and they can never have political or financial interests in common that would lead them to combine in advocacy of or hostility to any public policy.

If there are those who advocate the overthrow of the national banking system, the burden is upon them to show a better system, if they favor a system of any sort; or if they contend for the abolition of the present system without a substitute, they are bound to demonstrate beyond a reasonable doubt that the condition of the country would thereby be improved. In solving the problem, whichever alternative they accept, they cannot omit to notice the fact that the business men of the country are indebted to the national banks constantly to the amount of more than one thousand million dollars. Whenever the present banking system is abolished, that indebtedness must be met. The capital would remain in the country; but its transfer to new hands, and its distribution to the stockholders in comparatively small amounts, would cause the suspension of business in many otherwise prosperous communities.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

ONE day, some ten years ago, I met my revered friend, Wendell Phillips. He had been talking about the greenback. "Mr. Phillips," said I, "what is the point of this discussion? What can be better money than a good bank bill with a gold dollar behind it?" "Ah!" he replied, "that would be pretty good money if it were not a lie. But the whole thing is a false pretense—a swindle. The gold dollar is never behind the dollar bill, except just when no one wants it. The moment it is really needed it is not there, and can't be there. Why? Simply because the world's trade, despite all the aids of the most recent and improved banking, properly requires, say, ten times as much currency as both gold and silver furnish. The two metals comprise some six thousand millions of dollars each—twelve thousand millions in all. That is the total accumulation of the ages. But the world can't do business, can't exchange its commodities, without using more than a hundred thousand millions of currency. So the gold and silver will not go

around. If one country has enough, some other is drained and cornered. Paper money was invented to overcome this difficulty. But, if there is only one metallic dollar behind ten dollars in bank-bills, or five, or three, why not recognize the fact, and not promise an impossibility, specie redemption on demand? The great lie called 'specie basis' has destroyed the commercial prosperity of the United States once every six years since the nation started."

I recall my first real lesson in finance, not merely to point a bit of narrative, but because Mr. Phillips pierced the heart of the subject at one thrust. Seven hundred years ago the civilized world gave up the attempt to float its rising commerce on the two baby-rafts, gold and silver coin, and started the Bank of Venice. The books of that bank, in 1171, contained the whole principle of the United States treasury-note, the only kind of paper money that will ever be fit for issue under any stable government, until civilization outgrows the use of metallic currency.

Venetian money consisted of coin and paper. The State stood behind the paper and made it better than gold: first, by holding the volume strictly within the demands of trade; and, second, by redeeming it at par with coin in all public dues and private debts. Venice issued no treasury-notes, as we employ that term, and no engraved bank-bills. She needed a loan for war, as did the United States twenty-four years ago, and she forced her wealthiest citizens to advance it. Then she made the lenders the managers of the loan, and allowed them four per cent. a year on it. They started a bank, and opened their ledgers. They made their whole stock divisible and transferable, and began to sell. But this arrangement converted the bank capital into a circulating medium for all the wholesale transactions of Venetian commerce, with a volume only limited by the rapidity of transfer. Everybody wanted a slice of the stock, for it was legal tender. Thus the divisible inscriptions of the Bank of Venice became the currency of Europe. Interest on it was abolished, for the people needed to use more than they could get, and they soon came to regard it as a permanent tool of trade, the cheapest and best that could be devised. Venice used it for nearly six centuries without one commercial panic. This method of furnishing a country with a currency is to supplement nature's shortage of gold and silver with government credit, not redeemable in coin on demand, but made legal tender for all public and private dues, and

kept at par with coin, or above it, by strictly commanding the volume.

But, in 1695, the Bank of England inaugurated another method of helping out nature in her deficiency of bullion. It was to inflate the notes of the bank far beyond their backing in coin, yet promise specie conversion on demand. It was known that no such promise could be kept if the demand should become general; but it was "guessed" that the notes would never be presented all at one time, and thus break the bank's "specie basis." Thus the British banking system, with its whole line of offspring, was conceived in a miscalculation, and has become just what Wendell Phillips called it, a stupendous lie. But it was foisted on the American colonies and the United States, and from 1789 to 1861, under the old State banks, it brought us to commercial ruin five times in each generation. The way of doing it was simple enough. Trade was tempted into activity by discounting business paper, and exchanging bank-notes for it. Then came the periodical drain of specie by the world's great gold-sucker, the Bank of England; and then the American banks, to hold on to some reserve of coin for the redemption of their bills, were forced to stop discounts, put up the rate of interest, and precipitate a panic. In such a panic, a few cunning Shylocks, who understood the game, were always found to have all the specie afloat, and thus to hold the power of measuring all other values by their little hoard, and buying up everything at their own price. This done, the banks generally suspended specie payments and began a new deal.

Our national banking system to-day is as good a thing, perhaps, as could possibly be derived from such a source—the great British confidence game of specie basis, inflation, and suspension. In memory of the State banks, these national banks are deservedly popular. They furnish a uniform currency, good in all parts of the country, and the bill-holders are thoroughly secured. In general, the banks are managed by honest and able men. But the very name "national" bank implies the one overwhelming objection to the thing as it is, which is not national. In our day, there is no excuse for any nation that does not issue and control the money of its people, in the whole common interest, as a direct function of government. No function is more vital. To distort a currency fills hearses and opens graves. Our nation shirks its duty, and relegates the function to an association of indi-

viduals. "The National Banking Association" is a private monopoly.

The small bonus of double interest—five or six millions of dollars—which the banks now get from the people is not worth talking about; but the banks are conducted for the private gain of their stockholders, who can, at will, inflate or contract the people's money, and thus set the value of all property. Fortunately, the "specie basis" of the national banks is now chiefly paper—the "rag-baby"—three hundred and forty-six millions of greenbacks! This circumstance at last prevents our foreign trade and the Bank of England from dictating exactly when an American merchant or manufacturer may get his business notes discounted. Those greenbacks fight off our old-fashioned panics. But, while our treasury-note is the gold-redeemer of the bank-bill, the Government, if called on, must redeem its own notes in the gold itself. These notes are held by the banks. So, a sufficient combination of national bankers can break the United States Treasury at any time during an outward drain of specie. They may never do it. But how simple-minded are the "great American people" to take the risk!

Let us have honest money. In 1861 Thaddeus Stevens planned it perfectly, as far as honest money can be instituted in connection with metal. The civil war was to be fought on Government credit, and paid for in taxes. In the meantime the people would need about a thousand millions of currency beyond all the specie then in the country. What better currency could they possibly have than Government notes, redeemable in taxes; that is, in the people's own inevitable debts? There could be only one danger in such money. Overissue would depreciate it, because overissue, and that only, will depreciate any money. Against this contingency an interest-bearing bond was placed, to absorb, at need, any excess of the circulation. The Government paper, both currency and bonds, was ultimately redeemable in coin. But Thaddeus Stevens was long-headed enough to see that such a money would constantly redeem itself; and there would be the end of the "specie basis." He simply revived the money-tool of Venice, which was no experiment, but which had been approved by the unbroken practical success of more than five hundred years. Our House of Representatives adopted it by a large majority. But the blind and raw Senate of that day spoiled it. They made a green-

back not redeemable in duties on imports or interest on the public debt, and so not placed by the nation that issued it at par with coin. That "blunder worse than a crime" enabled the foxy gentlemen of the specie basis to corner the whole credit of their country, which had to be dumped into Wall Street, at any price it would bring, to buy the gold which they alone held. They doubled the national debt—as Mr. Spaulding, since President of the National Banking Association, prophesied—and their handiwork has cost the rest of their countrymen more than five billions of dollars.

But if the greenback is now the "specie basis" of the banks, it is good enough for the American people. Gold is "the money of the world" (in spots), only because certain nations have made it such. Should all the world demonetize it, seventy per cent. of its value would drop out in a day. As ours is a silver-producing country, let us make silver as valuable as possible, by full monetization, but recognize a complete "bi-metallic solvent." Bi-metalism will save us from being the plaything of London and Hamburg. But, with what gold and silver we can keep in the country, let us have all the treasury-notes that can be held at par with the specie. To that extent our paper circulation should absorb our bonds, and save interest on the national debt. Bankers will have plenty of room for their very useful business; but when they loan money, it will be really national money—gold, silver, and treasury-notes.

EDWARD H. G. CLARK.

THE assailants of the national banking system divide themselves, if I am rightly informed, under the three watchwords, Strict Construction, Anti-Monopoly, and Paper Money. To those duly nourished in the creed of State rights, the national banks are objectionable merely because they are national, creatures of Federal needs and of Federal power, carrying on the work of centralization in every corner of every State. To the anti-monopolist the banks are a monopoly, and, like beasts and birds of prey, always the object of legitimate attack. To the partisan of paper money, the national bank-note embodies an error of principle and a blunder of policy with which, by virtue of his office, he is at feud. Of course, these three orders of opinion all come from perennial stock. They are sure to find, in time, and in one place or another, a reason

or a means of effective growth. But to overthrow a system so well grounded as that of the national banks, there should be a force and a cohesion in these elements of opposition which, in my view, is lacking. Is there to be found in them any important or practical suggestion for an amendment of the system which is called for by the needs of the present or of the immediate future? I am unable to recognize such.

As for the pressing issues of the day, the Refunding bill, to be passed by the present Congress, and the admission of other than United States bonds as security for the notes of the national banks, I shall take leave to pass them by, in order to reach a class of questions less likely to have received due consideration. I refer to the probable need of a modification of the financial control of the country in the direction of closer harmony between the Treasury, the banks, and the business interests of the country.

A general monetary war is now waging between the continents and the nations that rally to the standard of gold or of silver, or of silver and gold, and the issue of it is uncertain. The condition of business in this country is one of distress. It is not merely "trade depression," as the English expression has it; it is industrial depression, agricultural depression; it is a stagnation of enterprise, a discouragement of investment, a congelation of credits, affecting the entire range of production and exchange; it is a time when he who finds it necessary to sell is likely to realize a shrinkage of price. The entire occidental world is in a plight little better than ours.

The recognition is growing apace that the proximate, the efficient, the removable cause is the anti-silver legislation adopted by European States within a few years after the battle of Sedan. This legislation acted as a continental conspiracy to "bull" gold and "bear" silver. Reducing a thousand millions of intrinsic money to the condition of tokens, it tended to check the speed of circulation. Diminishing the stocks of Europe by sale of melted coin, and depriving them of re-enforcement from the annual output of the silver mines, it made default in the normal supply of money, while population and business were increasing; a default that was carried further by a decline in the output of gold, and by the partial replacement of paper by gold in the United States and Italy. We have here, in brief, the main features of a world-wide "corner on gold," which produces a shrinkage of values expressed in gold; that is to

say, a shrinkage of the prices of most vendible things in Europe and America.

The situation in this country may be described as one of compound fracture. In addition to the lesion that the property-using world shares with Europe, it suffers a specific injury in the danger of a further dislocation of values through a premium on gold. This danger is due to the continued coinage of silver, or the absorption of it into the Treasury. It might be assumed that a silver coinage, acting to swell the monetary mass, must tend at least toward a cure of the gold-contraction. But this expansive force is very limited, and is crossed by an opposing force that quite overbears it for the time, which is, of course, the specific destruction of confidence in the stability of business and of values when a premium on gold is impending. This menace, following as it does a year of liquidations such as that of 1884, has a very depressing effect.

Such are the efficient causes of the present depression, and it is obvious that the general cause is not transitory. It is true that a limit may be set by Congress to the coinage of silver, and to the purchase of it by the Treasury; but this does not settle the silver question; this does not end the war. So far as new legislation or governmental action is concerned, the situation is a dead-lock. Masterly inactivity is the order of the day—barring the unmasterly activity in the coinage of standard dollars here. But the aggressive invasion in the monetary field ceased on May 16, 1879, when Germany ceased to sell melted silver coin. Opinion in Europe is unequivocally moving toward the adoption of the policy of bi-metallic union, and all signs promise that it will move with accelerated speed when our statesmen at Washington shall have put forth their strength.

A forecast of the future, therefore, opens before us three periods, or stages: first, as a certainty, a continuation of the present dead-lock; second, as a possibility, a provisional and preliminary monetary union; third, also as a possibility, a completed union for the establishment of the silver and gold standard. Is there in this forecast anything that seems to point to work for a national banking system to do any duty that Congress may find it expedient to impose upon it? I should say, decidedly, yes. The changes and chances of a prolonged period of unstable equilibrium, like the present, with a shrinking stock of gold as the sole money of international credit, sustaining by its side, in each nation, silver and

paper money of merely national credit, offer ample occasion for the beneficial agency of a banking system. Again, as we confront the idea of monetary union with other nations, we become aware of a suggestive disparity between our banking organization and theirs. These nations, before which the proposal of the United States for a monetary union has been outstanding since 1878, have central banks acting in harmony with the Treasury. However widely the Banks of England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and Belgium may differ in detail, their relations to their governments insure in the main a consistent, centralized financial control. In this country this certain harmony of action is lacking. The interests of a nation of our acreage and population are a serious load to be conducted safely. Of course, the horses are willing and numerous, and the vehicle is strong; it is only the driving that can awaken solicitude. The reins are divided up among a number of drivers, and these drivers are not organized as a committee, subjected to the directions of a chairman, or bound by a majority vote. Harmony is possible, of course, but is hardly certain to appear when needed.

It is easy to foresee that in laying the foundation of a monetary union there is room for the co-operation of centralized financial control like that of a Central National Bank, and that in the course of negotiations something equivalent to such action might be demanded of the United States. In such event the Government might find the demand justifiable under the circumstances, and must then consider whether the Treasury, as now organized, can meet it, or whether it would be expedient to invoke the co-operation of the banks, under the due guarantees of appropriate legislation.

In evidence that the idea of the intervention of banks, as the servants of a national monetary policy, is not mere speculation, I may cite two late instances of proposed action. The English Government transmitted to the Conference of 1881, at Paris, a declaration of the Bank of England that it would be open for the purchase of silver up to a certain proportion of its gold (meaning, presumably, that the Issue Department would issue bank-notes on silver in a ratio not greater than one of silver to four of gold), provided the projected monetary union should restore the coinage of silver. So the Direction of the Bank of Holland regard it, as an essential feature of a bimetallic union, that the great banks of the

agreeing states should each be ready to buy silver and gold bullion at a fixed price, presumably the same relative price in each nation. It will, I think, be apparent, that in the event that any international concert of action replaces the present state of chaos and dead-lock, a readjustment of the relation between the banks and the Treasury must become a subject of practical discussion.

S. DANA HORTON.

THE TENDENCIES OF ENGLISH FICTION.

It has long been a fixed idea of the English nation that its schools of fiction are superior to those of any other country. It has long been the habit of its critics complacently to compare its productions with those of every other nation, to the contempt and disadvantage of the latter. It has been a matter of pride and of prejudice both; and it has never occurred to the insular mind that there could possibly be two sides to the question. This strong self-esteem was born in the days of Smollett and Goldsmith, and grew steadily through those of Scott onward to those of Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens; such self-esteem seems justified by the strength and beauty of these masters, and was, on the whole, accepted and ratified by the voice of the reading world. English novelists during that century of fine work occupied a high place in the annals of the best literature; and if the Puritanism of their nation still restrained the frank expression of their views, and deference to its hypocrisies still prevented their portraits of human nature from being as accurate as they might have been, still they attained a standard of excellence in fiction which no other writers, so numerous or so manly, have ever reached before them. In their hands the novel assumed the place of playfellow, teacher, and companion all in one; it reached those numbers of readers to whom verse was unintelligible; it touched social and political problems, if superficially, yet in a manner which induced thought in the thoughtless; and it brought some knowledge of culture, some sympathy with pain, some insight into higher natures, to large classes of persons who could have been reached by no other means. The novelist, in a great measure, dethroned the dramatist, and was accepted by those who would have refused to listen to the poet. It was then that English fiction, in the eyes of Englishmen, and without much dispute from the voices of

other nations, assumed the lofty place in art which it imagines that it has with ease retained.

I say "imagines," because I consider that it has not so retained it in fact. I think that so much water has been mingled with the wine of English literature that it has altogether lost the body and flavor which it had of old, and its extraordinary prolixity and puerility are among the many unmistakable signs of the decay of English intellectual power. Redundant and mediocre literature is almost always the accompaniment, perhaps the offspring, of national decadence, and there was never any time in which English literature was so enormous in quantity and so contemptible in quality as it is at the present epoch. To open almost any English volume or periodical is to blush for the mental status alike of the writer who writes and of the public which reads. There is an endless outpouring from the printing-presses of second-rate, feeble, and verbose fiction, which is accompanied by a stream of so-called criticism as verbose, feeble, and second-rate as itself; and in this vast invertebrate, jelly-like mass the reader searches in vain for any knowledge of human nature, any trace of scholarship, any presence of original thought, any evidence that the producers have any consciousness of style, and of the study of style, of the world as it exists, and of the requirements of art. Fiction has come to be regarded in England as among the professions or trades, by which any person possessed of an average education and intelligence can earn his bread. Novelists are not ashamed to advocate the adoption of "the literary calling" as a resource to be seriously considered by those who cannot find clerkships at home, and are unwilling to take farms in the colonies. Rules for their assistance are generously given, and guilds are formed for the more rapid and profitable production of their works. Fiction is no more a daughter of the Muses and the Graces, but a mere slave of the lamp and the quill. The art which, of all others, most demands the play of fancy, the repose of leisure, and the gifts of imagination, is supposed to be one of the trades which every one who can learn to turn a hand-organ can succeed in following with profit; and the quill-driving of the lawyer's clerk, as of the bill-discounter, is forsaken by its votaries for what is deemed the lighter quill-driving of novel writing, and, not content with thus debasing art themselves, they beat their drum triumphantly, and invite all mediocrity to come and do the like.

What is the result ? That Fiction, in lieu of being the daughter of Wit and Fancy, and the sister of the poets, is only the vulgar handmaid of a chop-house, and the mistress of a man who calls her to pay his daily luncheon. It is supposed that anybody can write a novel ; that it is one of those things which any one can do with a little practice, as any one who has the proper number of limbs, and is not too old, can learn to play lawn tennis, or sit upon a bicycle ; and year upon year these thousands of novels crowd the shelves of libraries, and the book boxes of library subscribers, with no gleam of wit, no grain of thought, no trace of culture in these tons of spoiled paper and their millions of useless printed words. It may be said that there is always a mass of rubbish in every national literature ; that there is always, and in all arts, the poetaster and the poet, the dauber and the artist, the figure-cutter and the sculptor, Grub Street and Parnassus. But what is new and unspeakably hideous in this matter is, that the scribblers are being gravely exhorted to scribble as a career of honor ; that to live in Grub Street is being deemed most honorable ; that the stone figure chopped without art is being held quite as good as the Elgin marbles ; that the "pot-boiler," crudely daubed to get twenty pounds, is clamorously elected to be worthy to hang beside the "Audience of Agrippa" or the "Law and Death." Mediocrity has at all times spawned and swarmed with odious prolificness. That we know. What is new, and most ominous, is, that in English fiction, and to a lesser degree in all other English arts, mediocrity, even ineptitude, is allowed to take its stand unrebuked, and instantly proclaim itself the equal of all it meets.

The manner in which the art of fiction has come of late to be regarded cannot be better and more painfully illustrated than by the story which goes at this moment through the newspapers of the late "Hugh Conway," a stock-broker of the real name of Fergus, who late in life, finding he could write a sensational story with success, sold his business, and determined to "live by literature." This manner of looking at the creation of romances as a trade, possibly as profitable as brokerage and stock-jobbing, is comical ; what is more comical is, that this fact is reported quite respectfully and sympathetically by the press in general ; whilst in this person's own town of Bristol a scholarship of literature is to be founded in his memory. A scholarship of literature—God

save the mark !—to record the fact that a man once deserted a broker's office to write two or three stories of wholly impossible incidents, in a style the most injurious to "literature" that could be imagined ! This evidence, unimportant in itself, is only worthy of notice as an illustration of the low standard of fiction in England, and the representation of it by a mass of men essentially *bourgeois* in their position and their opinions, without any censure from the public at large, or any general perception of the degradation to art. A great writer may be very poor ; great writers not seldom ; but no great writer ever yet looked on his art as a trade whereby he would pay his tailor and buy his shirts.

The impression that fiction is a trade for which other trades may be, in cold blood and in deliberate speculation, profitably exchanged is yearly growing stronger and stronger, and the result of it is to flood the English libraries with novels manufactured as mechanically and as ignobly as any piece of cotton goods vamped up in a Manchester factory to cheat Hindoo purchasers. There is a kind of talent in some of these of the imitative and commonplace order ; in many there is not even as much as this. Any competent judge taking up, for instance, any number of any one of these periodicals elevated in England to what is called "light literature" will, if he knew what literature should be, be appalled at the absolute rubbish which passes under that name. In France no one writes unless he have something to say, and unless he have at least mastered the elements of the requirements of style ; but in England the latter is set absolutely at defiance, whilst the most trivial and imbecile incidents are deemed worthy of filling pages on pages of print.

Many causes have combined to produce this decay in fiction as in other forms of literature : the circulating libraries, which induce hasty and undigested reading of as many volumes as it is possible to obtain in a short space of time ; the absurd practice of three-volume form of novel publication, which tempts writers to spin out a thin thread of interest into nothingness ; the absolute ignorance of publishers, who think that fiction may be woven by the hour and sold by the yard ; the utter inefficiency of criticism, which drags into a momentary distinction work that should never even have found a printer ; all these and similar reasons have concurred to bring about the present state of English imaginative literature. I am myself strongly opposed to what is

called the serial form of issue, because I believe it to be injurious alike to the writer and the reader, and to be a most inartistic, grotesque, and unworthy fashion of bringing any work before the public. But serial publication has long prevailed in France, and has not prevented French fiction from retaining its force, its artistic method of construction, and its excellences of style; therefore this cannot be reckoned amongst the malign influences which have brought English novelists to the low place which they now occupy, and the main reason must still be sought elsewhere. I would myself attribute it chiefly to two causes: one, the Puritanism which so strangely lingers in the national character; the other, the extreme ignorance of the world displayed by English story-tellers, and their insular and conventional views of life. Added to these there is also the inability of the English public to appreciate, and so to exact, art and style from those who write for it. There is an idea amongst English persons that "anything will do" to make a story, and the result is that whereas a French novel, however much you may dislike it, yet will always be a work planned with skill, and carried out with due regard to proportion. The English novel, however much you may like it, will always strike you, if you have any critical faculty at all, as slipshod, ill-arranged, not thought out before it is written, and generally inharmonious: in a word, taking that position in literature which the slattern takes amongst womankind. The slattern may be as good-looking as she will—the disorder of her clothes will always disfigure her. Most English stories start exceedingly well; the earlier portions are usually interesting, and even admirable, but they almost invariably display inability to sustain consistency and interest; the characters are not developed, are sometimes even wholly lost sight of, or have their whole idiosyncrasy altered to suit the momentary exigencies of some situation; the motives are usually feeble, and inadequate to sustain the action built on them; and the whole narrative resembles in its conformation that interesting denizen of our ponds, the tadpole, with his overwhelming head and his almost invisible body. And this defect—so grave a defect in art—is to be found not only in the feeblest but in the strongest English novels, and is at the root of their failure to content the demands of art. The hypocrisy, also, which so largely tinges all the national life, has much to answer for in the injury which it has done to English fiction as well as to English verse—

the poets have at times burst the bonds of it, the novelists have never done so. There is a tacit arrangement on the part of the nation to regard itself as chaste and immaculate in a wholesale manner which is very curious, and has never had any parallel in any other nation. The favorite English illusion is that the English people are without senses or passions, and as no art can exist without recognition of both senses and passions, the effect on English literature is fatal. Natural love, unblessed by the priest, or at least by the registry-office, must never be written up; so that the story-teller is grotesquely fettered at starting, and his obligation to obey this canon of English ethics leads to grotesque results. To illustrate my meaning I will take a novel now in course of publication in "MacMillan's Illustrated Magazine." This story turns on the fact of a young woman causing to be brought, as a lost child, to the house of her relatives, a boy who is in reality her own son, so that, without acknowledging his birth, she may be near him, and be able to rear him. Now, given this situation, the only thing which could possibly make such a one natural would be the fact that the child was the offspring of some amour of which she could not bring herself to speak, and the discovery of which would involve on her the disgrace socially attached to such circumstances. But no! With the dread which the unwritten law of the English public inspires heavy upon him, the hapless and timid author is compelled to make the child the offspring of a private marriage to an artist or drawing-master! The young woman is represented as rich, independent, masterful in character, and blessed with an indulgent father and two excellent uncles; yet, instead of declaring to them in confidence the fact of her marriage—a simple and natural step, which would have been taken by any one not out of their senses—she weaves the most elaborate plot, draws upon herself the darkest of suspicions, allows a man she loves to think anything hideous of her that he chooses, and selects as her only *confidante* an unknown woman who sells sausages in a pork-shop. This is an example *sui generis* of English fiction; an admirable situation is ruined and made ridiculous because a child born out of wedlock is inadmissible in it, and everybody must be married that the English public is to be invited to read about; such slight things as probability, possibility, harmony, and artistic requirements are all thrown aside, because before the English

public reads of the adventures of this child it must be satisfied as to the marriage certificate of its parents. It is the same peculiar form of national hypocrisy which makes bigamous unions legitimate—even popular—as a source of dramatic interest upon the stage, but adultery forbidden by the Lord Chamberlain. It is all traceable to the leaven of the puritanic element in the English character, which makes a certain amount of cant absolutely necessary to the security of its suffrages. Such cant as George Eliot and George Lewes admirably understood, so that, by a due attention to its conciliation, they together contrived to pass off on the English nation a situation, quite commonly and vulgarly illegitimate in itself, as legitimate, and even beautiful. This irresistible evidence of cant greatly hurt their talent, and makes them slightly absurd for all time; but as a means to an end—that end pecuniary gain and social success—it was the very truest wisdom, and proved that they had read the characters of their countrypeople with a perfect accuracy.

To art, as art, however, this obligation of cant must always be deforming and injurious in a pitiable degree; it restricts all free and natural utterance, and lies like a stone on the spontaneous growth of genius. There is no word in the English language which exactly describes the tone and manner of looking at events which is comprised in the French word *bourgeois*; yet, not having the word, the English nation, and the fiction which is written for it, has the thing in its uttermost completeness—it is beyond everything else *bourgeois*. It has a dull, narrow, commonplace standard for everything, and the novelists have lowered themselves to this standard. The English novels of the last twenty years, especially of the last ten, are in every respect *bourgeois* novels; are *bourgeois* in their style, their descriptions, their characters, and their views of life. Whether the story be more or less romantic or dramatic does not make any difference in this fact—the treatment of it is always *bourgeois*. This is never seen more greatly than in the amatory passages. The lovers of the English novel are always haunted by the vision of the church-steeple or the registry-office. They paddle about in shallow waters of flirtation with the church always in view, and the heights of passion they never reach. Whether it be from absolute inability or from constitutional timidity that the English novelist becomes ridiculous in his love passages, the fact is that he does become so. He has the air of

writing of something of which he knows nothing. He is evidently afraid that the family circle is looking through the key-hole at his lovers. Their passions are invertebrate, and their girls and boys may all go and hang themselves for what anybody cares. It is not because a story is simple that it is necessarily insipid. "L'Abbé Constantine" proves the contrary, cast on the simplest lines, and deriving no assistance or interest whatever from any passion, yet vivacious, charming, and graceful. Think of the charm of "Dasia;" of the delicious wit and drollery of "M. Drommel," that most inimitable of all things which the mind of Victor Cherbuliez has given us; think of "Un Grand Mariage" and of "Un Mariage d'Amour;" think of Daudet's short stories, and then realize all that a French writer can get of knowledge of the world, of wit, and of suggested wit, within the limits of a cabinet picture. And why? Because he brings a perfect artistic feeling to his works, and because he is not cumbered with the recollection of Mrs. Grundy. It is only in the conditions of an absolute freedom that any real art can be done. For the slightest French story there is always an aroma of wit, a sense of power purposely restrained, a feeling that the writer knows and implies a great deal more of human foibles than he cares for the moment to display. In a word, the French writer writes like a man or woman of the world for men and women of the world. The English writer is in many cases too ignorant and in others too timid to do this, even if he possessed the artistic power. There is always in the English writer a feeling that love is born of the devil the moment that it is betokened by anything more than the "spooning" of a boy and girl on a yacht-deck or a tennis-ground. The imbecile English boast that their novels may all be read by school-girls indicates at once the intellectual and psychological level on which they are composed. They are quite "pure;" but as human nature is not "pure" in this sense, and never will be, of what use are they then as pictures of human nature? If they represent anything, they represent middle-class manners, men's habits and characters, with a singular unanimity. If they are like anything, they are like the inner life of the rectory, the doctor's house, the lawyer's family, the merchant's suburban villa. They never get beyond the limbo of *bourgeois* sentiment. *Bourgeois* feeling tinges the whole of English fiction as jaundice tinges the human body; its politics are for the most part a mild radicalism, and its ethics are those of a

moderate evangelical preacher ; it reflects a certain humanitarianism, a very courteous leaning toward such socialism as places Dumas at the best end. But of every attempt to represent the various phases of English society, the languor and excitability, the haste and *ennui*, the mutable passions and the sated appetites, the wit and the weariness of it all, there is not a trace in the English novels of the last decade ; there is not a sign that any one of them ever saw the inside of a great London *salon* or of a great English country-house. I do not say that they have never done so ; I only say that they entirely fail to represent society if they do know it. There is more suggestion of English society, as it is, in Mr. Mallock's "New Republic," which is not a novel, than in all the English novels of his time.

In English fiction there is the most singular absence of social knowledge ; the life of society is almost entirely unrepresented in it, and the world at large is unknown. As some pictures of landscape are composed in London studios without any breath of fresh air ever blowing on their canvas, so these novels seem to be written in London chambers without any larger atmosphere or wider outlook being sought than that which the dusty window-pane affords. Again, there are novels which do picture landscape with the true colors of the country in them, but these, though their gray seas and their green cornfields are true enough to nature, altogether fail in representing the life of men and women as they are. Disraeli's novels were unhappily spoiled by an ornate diction and a sentimentality which become ridiculous ; but if these be set aside, his novels reflect the world he lived in, and show the characteristics of society as no novels have done since them. The life described in them is the life of the great world, and the multiplicity of the many different characters in them represents that infinite variety of characters which is to be found in the world. Their wit and epigram have never been appreciated in England any more than their genuine verisimilitude has been understood. If Disraeli had been born in France, and written in French, he would have ranked with Beaumarchais and Rochefoucauld. The English language, which he never knew thoroughly, allowed him bombast and hyperbole, which have obscured the fine qualities of his wit and wisdom ; yet there is no novel in any language which has more of these two things than has "Conningsby."

I do not attempt or desire to approach any criticism herein of

either dead or living novelists of England ; I only refer to the novels of Disraeli because they contain some of the very elements which, in the fiction of the present day in England, are so lamentably conspicuous by their absence ; and it seems to me the very strangest thing, that in English life, where so many clever men are in hourly contact with the social and political aspects of their life, not one of these men even has the talent to represent these aspects of it in fiction, but all of them abandon fiction to the mere *littérateur*, who only knows political life from the reporters' gallery, or the columns of the cheap press, and only knows society from its external appearance as it goes by him in Rotten Row. This society is, I say, unrepresented in the fiction of the time.

Yet what is fiction if not a photograph ? True, there is the historical novel, the romantic novel, the classical novel, which do not deal with society ; but these are rare, and will grow rarer, because the whole tendency of modern thought is to mirror and analyze and morbidly dwell upon its own self, and has less and less patience with those who ask it to exert pure imagination or to look backward at vanished ages. And the novel which represents most clearly the temperaments, opinions, and manners of society, is that which society now asks for, and which alone can have any chance of obtaining influence over it, of possessing for it that power of suggestion and of sarcasm, which the novels of an earlier time possessed for the generation of their time. And this the English fiction of the present moment cannot do, because it is too ignorant, too puerile, too timid, and too passionless. Moreover, it lacks culture, and does not even take the trouble to study the laws of its own being. The art which rules the creation of a good novel is as delicate and as severe in its execution of harmony as that which produces good music ; but English novelists do not recognize this ; fiction is to them a monotonous theme, to be played with mechanical expression on the keys of a piano-forte : of the passion-music of the great orchestras they have studied nothing.

The unimaginative and plodding character of their wit may be seen in the word "Work," which they are so fond of giving to it. No artist who was an artist *toto corde* ever used the word "work" in reference to his creations. It is one wholly incongruous and unworthy. The art which is alone well done is that which is spontaneous, delightful to the doer of it, irresistible in its empire over him, and the offspring of leisure and of fancy. I do not believe

that any trace of inspiration was ever felt by those who turned to any art in middle age, or in the midst of other occupations and pre-occupations. From Giotto to Leighton the painter has always been drawing natural objects of his own existence from the earliest years of his childhood, and I am certain that every great writer has not been less guided by the Muses in his childhood than Tennyson, who wrote verse at four years old. This is the only good and true outcome of the mind—this which is born with the man or woman as surely as the color of the eyes, which is imperious in its dominion over, and engrained in the life which it dominates. All creative art which is executed as “work” is contemptible, even in a manner blasphemous, and whatever art is pursued as mere work soon becomes scamped work.

The mere association, as convertible terms, of work and imagination is ridiculous. The moment that a writer sits down to his bureau as punctually as a clerk to his desk he becomes a mere clerk, and the kind of literature he produces can only be monotonous and insipid, created as the child cuts out perforated wood with his little saw, according to directions, and calls it carving.

All the complex, cosmopolitan, contradictory, and entirely interesting characteristics of English society remain absolutely unrepresented in English fiction. There is in it a great deal of dissoluteness, a great deal of discontent, much that is utterly rapid, with much that is touching, and even brilliant; its women are in themselves a study for a La Bruyère or a Juvenal, and in its inordinate extravagance, its demand for novelty, and its indifference to truth, may be read the signs of that great national decay which at the present hour makes the country lie apathetic and acquiescent under its own dishonor. There has never been any moment in history in which England has been so discredited, so disgraced, and so ridiculed by the whole world; yet there never was a moment in which it was so passive and so smugly content with its own degradation. Weak and vituperative language take the place of manly and courageous action, and a war of words is considered enough to replace the civility, the power, and the dignity which the nation has lost, losing with it the esteem and the trust of mankind. This feebleness in the national character and national intelligence may serve to account for the similar feebleness of its intellectual productions. Why has it been always impossible to produce in England such a periodical as the “*Revue des Deux Mondes*?” Because the

style of English writers is so inferior, and because the public does not require anything better than the second-rate work which they offer to it. The English public, as a rule, does not read ; it skims a little, that is all. Setting aside certain æsthetic cliques, one may say that England does not read in any scholarly sense of the word. Innumerable book-boxes enter English houses, it is true ; but the contents of them are as jumbled up in the minds of the household as the divers volumes are in the box. Except bibliophiles who frequent sales and buy rare books, nobody in England ever buys a book if he can borrow it. I think the method of English publication is partly to blame for this. If novels were produced as they are in France, people in England would possibly buy them. The English publishers waste a mountain of money in producing the three-volume editions of novels, which are only purchased by the circulating libraries, and then degrade a novel, and disgust every person of taste, by bringing that same novel out with hideous colored-paper covers, and flaunting colors, to attract the mobs in railway stations. One simple, plain, and well-printed edition issued from first to last would be made more satisfactory to the common-sense of readers and to the dignity of literature, and would save an immense quantity of money at the present time thrown away in the setting-up of the various type of the many different editions. This same course has been repeatedly advocated by many writers, and I have reason to know that the librarians would not oppose it ; but, meanwhile, the publishers think that they see a greater profit accruing to themselves from the present idiotic system of thirty-shilling, five-shilling, and two-shilling editions ; and the long-established practice continues to prevail, its idiocy sanctioned by custom. An intellectual nation would not allow its literature to be injured thus, merely to gratify the (supposed) interests of the publishing trade. But England is indifferent ; books seem very small things to it ; and the temper, gradually growing more and more apathetic, which kneels to Russia and bows to France, is not likely to exert in behalf of scholars the force which it will not put out to preserve its prestige and its possessions in Africa and in Asia. The decline of English literature keeps pace, step by step, with the decline of English political greatness. Mediocrity is accepted in its writers as in its soldiers, and verbiage without meaning is admired in its authors as in its politicians.

It is an evil which grows with every year, and it is one to which the very low standard of criticism which prevails in England panders in a most unfortunate degree. Mr. Puff is always assuring Grub Street that it is Parnassus; and the chop-house that it is a temple. The style and quality of English fiction every year sinks lower in proportion as its issue increases in quantity; and it is hard to see what corrective will alter this lamentable decadence, unless the English public, which in a few instances has shown itself of an independent judgment, and of a critical faculty superior to those of the professional critics, will raise its own standard of intellectual taste, and cease to accept the mere makers of books as writers of true fiction.

QUIDA.

REMINISCENCES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS.

I.

SENATOR YATES was a man of shining qualities, and a universal favorite. He was the war governor of Illinois, and performed unexampled labors in marshaling her soldiers for the great civil strife. A regiment of Illinois young men, a thousand strong, had been brought into camp near Chicago. The men were not gathered from the schools and farms of the State, but from the rougher classes of the cities and larger towns. They were good material for soldiers, as the sequel showed, ready for any service for their country, but unaccustomed to restraint, and wild almost to lawlessness. They did not like their colonel, and, determined to get rid of him, they resorted to absolute mutiny. One day, as the governor was telling a number of gentlemen met in the executive department of this turbulent and troublesome regiment, Elihu Washburne remarked that he thought he knew a man who was admirably fitted for its colonelcy. He was a Captain Grant, living in his own town of Galena, a graduate of West Point, who had seen service in the Mexican war; a still man, but of great determination and courage; a man who would soon bring such a regiment into military order, and win their confidence and admiration.

Grant, from the first moment of the war, had been ready for any place where he might render aid to the government that had given him his military education. It had been suggested that, from his connection with the artillery service in the Mexican war, he might be useful in the Ordnance Bureau in Washington, and at this date he was about starting for the capital to offer himself for such routine work.

“For heaven’s sake,” was Governor Yates’s instant reply, “tele-

graph for him at once, and offer him, in my name, the command of this regiment; for it is taking all my time, and worrying the life out of me."

The next morning, among the earliest callers at the governor's office was the plainly-dressed, snug-built, sinewy, square-headed, sedate Captain Grant. The governor expressed his delight at his prompt response. He told the captain what Washburne had said of his training and good qualities, and described the insubordinate regiment. He said they had set the colonel at absolute defiance, and were now "corralled" out on the prairie, under the guard of two other regiments and the trained guns of a battery of artillery. "Here they are to-day, a thousand Hellions" (as the governor always called them); "are you willing, Captain Grant, to take the colonelcy of such a regiment?"

"If such is your desire," was the quiet response.

"Do you think you could make soldiers out of such mutinous Hellions?"

"From what you have told me of them, with a little patience and firmness, I think they might in time be made a good regiment. As to this mutinous spirit, I think the articles of war will be found sufficient for its restraint."

The commission was signed, a carriage was ordered, and the two men started for the camp of the mutineers. They rode through the two regiments on guard, by the trained guns of the artillery, and found the men sullen with mortification and anger. They were gathered for an address by the governor. He told them of all his anxiety on their account, of his more than willingness to listen to all the requests of his gallant volunteers, so far as he might with a supreme regard for military discipline; that a regiment, just starting for the front, was anxious for the services of their colonel; that he had decided to change his command to that regiment; and that Captain Grant, of Galena, the gentleman whom he now presented to them, hereafter would be their colonel—a man who knew war, both from the books and from service in the field, for Captain Grant was a graduate of West Point, and went through the Mexican war, with marked honor, in command of a battery of artillery; that he was a man of courage, as resolute as the best of them, and would assuredly lead them where the hardest fighting was to be done, and in all things would share with them the soldier's fortune. "Of Colonel Grant," he concluded,

"and this regiment, I expect, henceforth, to hear nothing but glorious tidings of obedient and brave warfare."

There was a moment of painful silence. The men clasped each other's hands, and looked into each other's faces; then, from a thousand throats, came shout after shout for Governor Yates, for Colonel Grant, for the old Stars and Stripes! Colonel Grant took command. The regiments and the battery on guard returned to their own camp. For the next ten days the boys thought there was more time given to drill than any present prospect of active service demanded, but all orders were cheerfully obeyed. At the end of ten days the regiment was ordered to St. Louis. Transportation seemed to be a little crowded, as so many regiments were moving in that direction; and Colonel Grant made no second request, thinking, perhaps, that it might be useful to make the march on foot. So his regiment marched over the hot prairie roads from Chicago to St. Louis! Soon afterward Colonel Grant, with his regiment, was ordered to garrison the important post of Cairo. Here the self-possessed and resolute soldier found himself directly in that line of promotion which led him to the head of the army. Referring to this incident, Governor Yates was wont to say: "How wonderful indeed are the ways of providence; how, out of seeming disaster, in Heaven's beneficent ordering, often spring most cheerful results! If it had not been for that regiment of Hellions, my most troublesome experience in all the war, in all probability the nation would have had no General Grant, only Captain Grant, a faithful clerk in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington."

II.

Three times was General Burnside offered the command of the Army of the Potomac, and three times, with unaffected diffidence, he declined. Finally, it was pressed upon him by positive orders, and he could no longer, without insubordination, refuse it. In addressing General Halleck, after his appointment, he said: "Had I been asked to take it, I should have declined; but being ordered, I cheerfully obey." He was a frank, brave, generous man. Said a soldier who knew him well: "When victory crowned his efforts, and congratulations poured in upon him, his reply always was that the laurels did not belong to him, but to his brother officers and to the brave soldiers. When a great disaster befell him, he at once

telegraphed to his government : 'The fault was mine. The entire responsibility of failure must rest on my shoulders.' " Immediately after his great victory at Roanoke Island he had occasion to make a hurried trip to Washington. A friend, who, by a happy chance, was at the White House when General Burnside called to pay his respects to President Lincoln, told me that "the meeting was a grand spectacle." He said that the two stalwart men rushed into each other's arms, and, as they warmly clasped each other for some minutes, "they wept like women in their joyous agitation." When General Burnside was about to leave for his hotel, the President inquired :

"Is there anything, my dear general, that I can do for you ?"

"Yes ! yes !" was the quick reply, "and I am glad you asked me that question. My three brigadiers, you know, glorious fellows,—everything depended upon them, you know,—and they did their duty so grandly !—Oh, Mr. President, we owe so much to them ! I should so much love, when I go back, to take them their promotions."

"It shall be done !" was Mr. Lincoln's hearty response, and on the instant the promotions were ordered, and General Burnside had the pleasure of taking back with him to Foster, Reno, and Parke, their commissions as major-generals.

III.

Early in his life at Natick, Wilson had organized among his fellow-mechanics a debating society, of which he was an active member. It met on one evening every week for the discussion, usually, of such questions as were agitating the public mind. It was in this humble association that he learned that plain, simple, straightforward way of presenting his argument which characterized his speeches and debates in his subsequent career. He also persuaded his fellow-students at Concord to form a similar association, of which, also, he was the most active spirit. His first appearance as a public speaker was under these circumstances. In 1837, and a few subsequent years, the young men of New Hampshire had a State association, devoted to the interests of the rising movement against negro slavery. The membership of the association was found chiefly in the schools of the State, the college at Hanover, and the academies at Exeter, Plainfield, New Hampton, Concord, Gilmanton, New London, and Pembroke. With their contribu-

tions these boys kept one or two eloquent lecturers in the field, and annually held at the capital a rousing State convention of two or three days' duration. In August, in the year in which Wilson was in attendance at the Concord school, this association held its annual gathering, to which he had been elected as one of the delegates from the branch association of that town. It was largely attended by many spirited and noble young men, who, in the intervening years, have become distinguished as leaders in the progress of the times.

Stephen S. Foster was there, a man of considerable intellectual force, who, through all the years of the anti-slavery conflict, rendered the most faithful and self-sacrificing services. But at this convention—and it was a common habit with him—he allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion. He introduced a resolution severely censuring John Quincy Adams for some recent utterance in Congress, wherein that noble old man had not come quite up to the high-water mark of the more advanced anti-slavery sentiment. During the previous year young Wilson had been in Washington, and had made the acquaintance of Mr. Adams, for whom he had a high admiration, especially for the single-handed fight he was making against the slave-power. He believed, therefore, that the venerable statesman deserved the hearty approval and encouragement of the anti-slavery people of the North, and not their censure, even if he did apparently halt at some points of their faith. A young man from Dartmouth College, Horace Eaton (afterward well-known as a warm-hearted and philanthropic Presbyterian clergyman), spoke earnestly against the resolution, and was followed by Henry Wilson in his first public speech. Wilson was always modest, and in those days he was bashful. He felt that the passage of the resolution would be a great wrong, but he shrank from participation in the debate. However, entreated and encouraged by a friend at his side, he timidly rose to his feet, and I had the pleasure of telling the president his name,—as it was called for,—slightly to Wilson's confusion. But he was soon under good headway, for his most earnest feelings were enlisted. His opening remarks evidently commanded the attention of the convention, and it was not many minutes before he began to secure applause from all sides, as he spoke eloquently of the intrepidity of the venerable ex-President making his brave fight almost alone in the midst of the most defiant opposition. He pleaded for words of cheer

from the generous young men of New Hampshire, and opposed this attempt to inflict a pharisaical censure. It was really a grand speech, and the applause that continued till he took his seat, while testifying that the convention was with him, gave him, also, great encouragement in his determination to become a public speaker.

IV.

While Wilson was thus addressing the audience, a young man, an Apollo in manly grace and beauty, entered the church; a stranger, evidently, as no one seemed to recognize him, and he took a seat near the door, in the rear of the audience. As Wilson closed, this young man joined heartily in the applause—indeed, he seemed to lead it. Rising and coming forward, he asked if a stranger, not a member of the convention, nor a citizen of the State, even, but deeply interested in the discussion, might be permitted to join in the debate. That silvery voice and princely presence would have commanded a welcome in any gathering, but among these young men came voices from all over the hall, which proffered him the freedom of the platform with a cordial greeting. The president asked his name. “Wendell Phillips,” was the response. Those only who are old enough to remember how hated and despised was the anti-slavery cause in its early days, and how the peerless eloquence and patrician rank of this young Boston lawyer, this son of her first mayor, this noblest member of one of her oldest and most honored families, whose deeds of virtue and munificent charities had made illustrious every era of Massachusetts’ history, had lifted up that cause from this hate and reproach—they only can imagine the enthusiastic salutation which shook that church on the announcement of his name. Every member of the convention sprang to his feet to assure Wendell Phillips that he was welcome. More than forty years have come and gone since that August day,—years crowded with great historical events,—yet still that scene of welcome remains as vivid in my mind as if it had occurred but yesterday.

Mr. Phillips made one of his rarest speeches—first, in warm praise of the generous spirit and practical sense of the eloquent young man who had last addressed the convention, and then in glowing eulogy of the “old man eloquent,” the brave champion,

in Congress, of free speech, and of the right of petition. At his close, Mr. Phillips made his way to the pew in which Mr. Wilson was seated, and, taking him warmly by the hand, repeated to him, personally, what he had said to the convention,—his most hearty approval of what had fallen from his lips,—and assured him of his pleasure in making his acquaintance. From that time dated a warm friendship between these two men destined to play conspicuous parts in the history of the country; and from that cordial approval of the great anti-slavery orator, and the applause of those hearty young Abolitionists, sprang the open and public attachment of Henry Wilson to the anti-slavery cause, which never once faltered until Abraham Lincoln, grasping in his strong right hand the power of a million armed men, smote the monster to the earth.

V.

Senator Ransom came out of the war not only with shattered health, but, like most of the officers of the confederacy, with shattered fortune as well. He had a fine plantation on Roanoke River, one of the best in the country, and, with a large family growing about him, the general was naturally anxious to retain the old home with all its fields intact. This was not easy, with the circumstances surrounding the man, as well as the entire Southern country, in the years immediately following the war; but the affectionate father, looking into the anxious faces of his wife and children, determined to make the attempt. My readers may be glad to know that he succeeded. Success was only won through vigilant and untiring effort. Mortgage on crop and field had to be often repeated before the grand property was lifted of all encumbrance. Senator Ransom has a son named Joseph, who does not in any large measure inherit the rare suavity of his father, but he is a very sensible although a frank-spoken boy, and, as will be seen, he was not a dull observer of his father's expedients in saving the old homestead. It was a few days after the general's second election to the Senate, and some of the good matrons of the neighborhood were entertained by Mrs. Ransom at tea. At the table, Mrs. Smith was very profuse in her expressions of friendly admiration of the general, and of the great delight of all the neighbors at his success; and she added the hope, as well as expectation, that some day they would have occasion to rejoice

over his higher triumphs, even his election to the White House. Joseph, who had remained silent up to this time, concluded, upon hearing the last remark, that his place in the dialogue had been reached.

"I thought, Mrs. Smith, that you said you were a friend of my father?"

"Certainly, Joseph, but why do you ask that question?"

"Why, I don't understand," remarked the lad, "how any real friend of my father could want him in the White House; for if he were there, it wouldn't be three months before he would have a mortgage on it!"

VI.

Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, from the humble position of a brakeman on the railroad, had fought his upward way to recognized position in society; to the highest reputation as a business man; to the possession of a large fortune, and to two honorable elections to the Senate. He was an industrious, useful, honorable senator; a diligent, conscientious worker in the Committee on Appropriations, and an active member of the Select Committee on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard, earnestly seconding all efforts for improving and cheapening transportation, between producer and consumer, of the great articles of food. Senator Davis was thoroughly at home on all railroad questions. He had been educated in their working, was largely concerned in their ownership, and hence took a lively and intelligent interest in everything pertaining to the question of transportation. It is wonderful how the power of early habit clings to us in after-life. Senator Davis once gave the Senate an emphatic demonstration of this noted fact. Judge Thurman, being a generous snuff-taker, carried a big, red bandana handkerchief, and, when he rose to speak, usually, as a preliminary, grasped his nose with this red bandana, and gave a blast like a trumpet. It was well toward morning of a wearisome all-night session, and Senator Davis was asleep—his head resting upon his desk (but I will say for the Senator that he was not often asleep in the Senate). Senator Edmunds had provoked Judge Thurman to a speech; and by way of introduction, the judge unfurled the red bandana, and blew a blast of more than usual power. Mr. Davis may have been dreaming of his old railroad days; at any rate, he sprang to his feet, in

a half-dazed condition, and catching sight of the red flag (the old signal of danger), and seeming to imagine that he had heard the shriek of alarm from the open throttle of a locomotive calling for "down brakes," he seized his desk, and by the brakeman's firm, quick twist, wrenched it from the floor. I was not present on this occasion, and therefore cannot assert the entire truth of the story from personal knowledge; but it was often repeated about the Senate-chamber, and I never heard any of the details called in question.

VII.

Garret Davis, of Kentucky, was a venerable man, who had come down from a former generation, bristling alike with integrity and with prejudices; a man who so honored the old, and the established, that he could hardly tolerate the new moon, and the succession of the seasons was to him an abomination. How well he represented the spirit and civilization of Kentucky—a people who prefer a whipping-post to a school-house! He was a small, gray-headed man, full of nerve, remarkably alert for his years. Planting himself well back upon his heels, with face erect, he was always ready for the fight, and it mattered not to him whether he encountered one man or a legion, for his courage, moral and physical, was matchless. Mr. Davis well represented the fighting spirit of his State, the only one of the Union that in the recent civil war raised its full quota of soldiers for both sides. His stamping-ground was the "constitution of our fathers" (as interpreted in Kentucky), and there he stood, ready for all comers. Honest to the last degree, and as garrulous as he was honest, after speaking three days on some question, he asked for the setting apart of another day, as "the remarks he had already made were but preliminary to the discussion of the great constitutional points involved!" He was largely interested in the protection of two interests, in his opinion imminently in danger—the Constitution and the Treasury. In his excited imagination, pretty nearly all of our public men were intent upon smashing the Constitution; and especially one of the senators from Kansas was determined to deplete the Treasury. Probably he had as good reasons for his fears in the one case as in the other. As he was constantly on guard against these depredations, it was not strange that, one day, he was weary, and sought sleep. But, before laying

his head upon his desk, he reminded his neighbors upon the right and left (Senators Thurman and Saulsbury) that he was for a few minutes going to give up the watch ; but if any danger portended, he begged to be instantly awakened. It was not long before the senator of especial danger—the senior senator from Kansas—was on the floor with a bill from the Railroad Committee, of which he was a member. In an instant both senators, Thurman and Saulsbury, were shaking the Kentucky watchman from his slumbers, and whispering in his ears those words of special alarm, “Kansas” and “Pacific Railroad.” The fierce little man was upon his feet before he was half awake. The senator from Kansas, meanwhile, remarked that he had in his hand a bill that simply proposed the amendment of some defective clause in the charter of one of the branches of the Pacific Railroad, and suggested that it might as well be put upon its passage at that time ; and then, noticing the bustling in the neighborhood of the Kentucky senator, he added that he had looked the bill through, and he could assure the Senate that there was no “steal” in it.

“Mr. President,” cried out the half-awakened senator from Kentucky, “the senator from Kansas says that he has carefully examined the bill, and that there is no ‘steal’ in it. If the senator from Kansas cannot find any ‘steal’ in the bill, I am sure there is none there, and I think we can safely consent to the motion to put the bill upon its passage.”

The decorum of the Senate-chamber is always maintained ; so, while but a few were left to record their votes on this occasion, the cloak-rooms were thronged. But the people will forget his foibles and his temper, and Garret Davis will be honorably remembered for his unbending honesty through many years of public service ; for the frank and bold expression of his opinions ; for the rare simplicity of his habits, the purity of his private life, and, above all, for his steadfastness to the Union when the great mass of the public men with whom he had been associated for more than a generation yielded to the clamor of secession.

VIII.

It was the summer of '62, and McClellan's sojourn in the swamps of the Chickahominy had filled the hospitals, far and near, with the sick. Colonel Scott, of a New Hampshire regiment, laid

low with fever at Newport News. One of the noble women connected with the Sanitary Commission, in attendance at the hospital where the colonel was being nursed, had sat by his bed while he had told her of his home among the cool mountains of New Hampshire, and of his noble, brave wife, and precious children, and how he felt as if he could rally from this scorching fever if only he could reach that home and sit for a day in the shade of the maples where his children were playing—grand big trees, planted all about the old house, and on both sides of the road, up and down, as far as his farm ran, planted by his father when he came home from the war of 1812. Or if he could only bathe his fevered brow in the mountain brook that runs in the pasture close by; or, if his wife could come to him, her cool hand upon his burning forehead would stop this throbbing. And then, he whispered through his tears, if he was to die, he should die so much easier if he could only have hold of her hand. The good nurse wrote to the wife of the condition of her husband, and told her that the doctor in charge of the hospital remarked that morning, as he visited her ward, "that special care must be given Colonel Scott, for he was a very sick man, and the country could ill spare so brave a soldier."

The very day that the wife received this letter she started for Virginia. In Washington, she found some difficulty in getting permission to go to the front; but her love and anxiety made her persistent, and, finally, she secured a pass and transportation on a steamer which was taking supplies to City Point. She found her husband alive, and her courageous spirit and loving assiduity soon began to tell in his improving health. In a week, leaning upon her loving arm, he was able to walk a little about the hospital. And then, when she could lead him out-doors, and under the shadow of the trees, where he could get the invigorating breath of the ocean as it came up Hampton Roads, he gained rapidly. A great battle was daily expected, so a steamer was to take to the hospitals at Washington such of the patients as could bear removal, that room might be made for the expected wounded. Mrs. Scott found no difficulty in getting her husband designated among the several score that were thus to be sent north.

That evening, just as the steamer turned from the bay into the Potomac, she came in collision with a transport coming down, was badly stoven, several state-rooms being carried away, with their sleeping occupants, and some twelve or more of these sick men and

their attendants were drowned, among the number the faithful and noble wife of Colonel Scott.

A few who were thrown into the water were rescued, but when all hope of saving others was at an end, the steamer proceeded on her way. The next day a telegram was received at the War Department, telling that the people residing in the neighborhood had found the bodies of several of the victims of the collision, and had given them burial in such manner that they could be identified if friends called for them; that among these rescued and buried bodies was the body of Mrs. Scott. This information coming to Colonel Scott, he naturally was anxious to return down the river, that he might receive the body of his devoted wife and take it to New Hampshire for sepulture.

A grand forward movement at the front then being in contemplation, for a day or two there had been an order at the War Department that no passes or transportation down the Potomac should be allowed any one, save those actually engaged in co-operating with the movement. So, when Colonel Scott applied to Secretary Stanton for permission to go down the river, he was refused, and no time permitted him for entreaty. From Mr. Stanton, Colonel Scott hurried to the White House. It was late Saturday afternoon, and Mr. Lincoln had left, wearier even than was his wont, for his retreat at the "Soldiers' Home;" and in the hope of an undisturbed evening, and a quiet Sabbath, that he might gather some strength for the coming week, expected to be one of stirring events.

Colonel Scott soon found a New Hampshire friend, who knew Mr. Lincoln, and the way to the "Old Soldiers' Home." When they reached the gray stone cottage, where Mr. Lincoln spent his weary nights and thoughtful Sundays of that anxious summer of '62, it was in the deepening twilight. The house was still and dark—not a lamp lighted; not a sound, save the "Katydids" in the old elm calling to the "Katydidn'ts."

The servant who answered the bell led the way into the little parlor, where, in the gloaming, entirely alone, sat Mr. Lincoln. In his escape, as he had supposed, from all visitors, and weary with the care and heat of the day, he had thrown off coat and shoes, and with a large palm-leaf fan in his hand, as he reposed in a broad chair, one leg hanging over its arm, he seemed to be in deep thought, perhaps studying the chances of the impending battle.

Uninterrupted by a single word from Mr. Lincoln, the colonel told his sad story : his sickness, the coming to him of his wife, her terrible death, the finding of the body, and his desire to reach it and take it to his home. Then he added that he had been to Mr. Stanton, been refused permission to go down the river, and so, in his despair, had come to him.

At this point, Mr. Lincoln rose to his feet, and, in a voice of mingled vexation and sadness, asked : " Am I to have no rest ? Is there no hour or spot when or where I may escape this constant call ? Why do you follow me out here with such business as this ? Why do you not go to the War-office, where they have charge of all this matter of papers and transportation ? "

The colonel repeated the fact of his going to Mr. Stanton, and his refusal.

" Then, probably, you ought not to go down the river. Mr. Stanton knows all about the necessities of the hour ; he knows what rules are necessary, and rules are made to be enforced. It would be wrong for me to override his rules and decisions in cases of this kind ; it might work disaster to important movements. And then, you ought to remember that I have other duties to attend to—heaven knows, enough for one man !—and I can give no thought to questions of this kind. Why do you come here to appeal to my humanity ? Don't you know, Colonel Scott, that we are in the midst of war ? That suffering and death press upon all of us ? That works of humanity and affection which we would cheerfully perform in days of peace are all trampled upon and outlawed by war ? That there is no room left for them ? There is but one duty now, that is to fight. The only call of humanity now is to conquer peace through unrelenting warfare. War, and war alone, is the duty of all of us. Your wife might have trusted you to the care which the government has provided for its sick soldiers. At any rate, you must not vex me with your family troubles. Why, every family in the land is crushed with sorrow ; but they must not each come to me for help. I have all the burden I can carry. Go to the War Department. Your business belongs there. If they cannot help you, then bear your burden, as we all must, until this war is over. Everything must yield to the paramount duty of finishing the war. "

Colonel Scott was terribly disappointed and crushed by this totally unexpected rebuff. He knew that there was no hope in re-

turning to Mr. Stanton, so he retired to his hotel, and walked his room until morning, when, throwing himself upon his bed, he had scarcely fallen asleep when he was awakened by a hurried footstep in the hall, and a sharp rap at his door. He opened it, and was seized by both hands by Abraham Lincoln, who, in a voice as buoyant and sympathetic as last night it was weary and ceremonious, exclaimed : " My dear colonel, I was a brute last night. I have no excuse for my conduct. Indeed, I was weary to the last extent, but I had no right to treat a man with rudeness who had offered his life for his country, much more a man who came to me in great affliction. Colonel Scott, I honor you for your attachment to the memory of your wife, and for your desire to take the dead body to your home and kindred. She was a devoted, heroic wife, worthy of your love ; and to think that I should have made any criticism, as I did last night, upon her being away from her home, and in the place of danger. This war, Colonel Scott, has shown great qualities on the part of our people ; but in my soul I have no higher admiration than for the nobility of our women, in the patriotic ardor with which they give up husbands and sons for the service, and the tender devotion with which they follow and care for them in the hospitals. That I should have had any but words of warm consideration for such a woman, hurrying to her husband's sick-bed, or been seemingly indifferent to the terrible grief, my dear colonel, which crushes you, I cannot understand. I have had a regretful night. Now, my good man, hurry and get ready. I have seen Secretary Stanton, and he has arranged all. They are getting up the fires on a boat at the Navy Yard, which will take you down the river. An undertaker, with his assistants, in the service of the Quartermaster's Department, has been ordered aboard the boat, to give you all needed help. You will find everything aboard necessary for your sad errand. Now, get ready ; don't stop for breakfast, you can get that on board the boat after you start, and I have my carriage here, and will go with you to the wharf. And, colonel, when you get home, don't tell your children of my conduct last night ; but tell them that I beg permission to share in their sorrow for the loss of so good a mother. And, colonel, notwithstanding my apparent indifference last night, I honor you from the bottom of my heart for your manly love for your wife and devotion to her memory.

The President, in his carriage, took Colonel Scott to the steamer,

and seeing that every needed detail had been attended to, stood by until the boat cast off, and then rode back his six miles to his breakfast.

Such was the great, true, warm-hearted Abraham Lincoln. He was our countryman—and God be thanked that when the most terrific war of history beat upon our government he was our President.

JOHN R. FRENCH.

THE DECAY OF ECCLESIASTICISM.

THE decay of ecclesiasticism does not, on the surface, look like a dangerously rapid rot. One has no need to ask, with Gloucester, "The church? Where is it?" The splendor of the Vatican Council, the tenacious hold of priestly ideas and ideals, even in Protestantism, seem to indicate a rather vigorous vitality in ecclesiasticism. There are not wanting floating facts to comfort those who are patiently waiting for the ebb tide toward mediævalism. The new edition of the English "Tourists' Church Guide" cheers the faithful with the report of an increase, for the past year, in the use of eucharistic vestments of 53, in altar-lights of 129, in the adoption of the eastward position of 214. But no prudent priest should let himself be blinded by such refreshing items. The swiftest mountain brook will have many a swirl where the current seems making backward, while all the time the general trend is onward toward the open sea. Rome is steadily losing her hold over her ancient territories, and in our land, where she seems to be making such astonishing headway, the gain is in reality chiefly nominal—the transference to our shores of her flock from the old world, whose young slip, practically, out from beneath her crook in a generation. The Protestant churches are following hard after the anti-ecclesiastical ideals of the Reformation. Outside of all churches there is massing a large and ever-enlarging body of the unchurched. Beneath the surface of Christendom, the amazing growth of Spiritualism is an ominous portent for ecclesiastics; since, whatever its rootings in fact or in fancy, it is thrusting itself up beneath the dogmatic platforms of the churches, and pushing hosts of men and women off into "the open" of a free, simple, natural religion. The decay of ecclesiasticism is going on so fast that the careful observer need no longer watch the centuries in order to note its progress, the decades marking clearly the stages of this dissolution. Its causes are patent.

The political and social revolution that has been progressing through Western civilization is sweeping away caste and privilege. The divine right of priests is following the divine right of kings to the lumber-loft of superstitions. A king may indeed well have a divine right to rule a society, as a priest to guide men's souls, but in each case that right divine is now seen to lie in his personality, and not in his office—in the man, and not in his clothes. The sacerdos is already an anachronism ; he is disappearing in the minister of the congregation, who knows no mysteries not open to the ecclesia, and wields no powers not shared by the free citizens of the Republic of God. The industrial revolution is accelerating this decay of ecclesiasticism. When labor had no voice in the voting of supplies, the budget of a priesthood might pass unchallenged. As the serf becomes the freeman, economically, the good Jew of whom Boccaccio tells could no longer thus report of the sacred city : “ He saw all men so covetous and greedy of coin, that everything was bought and sold for ready money. And more brokers were there to be found than in Paris, attending upon all trades of manifest simony.”

The gold of honest toil will do something better than buy masses for the dead, and build jeweled shrines for sacred dolls, and salary a Primate of England with the income of nearly four hundred workingmen. *Cui bono?* is a query that prunes down very judiciously a flamboyant ecclesiasticism.

The opening of new spheres for human activity drains off the energies that formerly went to the building up of ecclesiasticism. Gossip prevails at “ tea-fights ” in a back country village, until the railroad connects it with the great world, and women learn to survey larger grounds than their neighbors' back yards. While the church was the chief political institution, its offices the highest spoils of placemen, its dogmas the only knowledge open to the intellect, its vast and venerable life the one current upon which men could throw themselves to be borne out beyond the stagnating shallows of earth, ecclesiasticism naturally flourished. Its decay began in Western civilization when Gutenberg drew the first sheets from his rude block-type, when the guilds of the free towns of Germany came into civic power, when the Vittoria sailed proudly into port from her three-and-a-half years' cruise around the globe, when Galileo affirmed “ *e pur si muove*,” and opened a new universe upon the human mind. That decay has progressed as the

forces that once fed the imposing body of Catholicism have been drawn off into public affairs, industry, the sciences, the arts, and the varied spheres of our now rich human life. It must continue to advance as life spreads out into ever new and nobler fields, finding in them no forbidden grounds but the garden of the heavenly Father, which his children are to dress and keep, whose beautiful order is to prove the Kingdom of God upon earth.

The growth of knowledge has intensified the decay of ecclesiasticism. Ignorance creates the climate in which this ism flourishes. In every land the oxygenating of the mental atmosphere with knowledge has caused a rapid shrinkage in its portly priesthood. The temple has crumbled as the free school has risen. The priest has lost his grip of the lad that held a primer in his hand. Rome's instinct has proven true. Her one deadly foe is Science. Each new bit of knowledge now makes man more independent of the tutor that dealt with him as with a babe. Every error proven upon the infallible dry-nurse has weakened her authority over him, and Reason gains his fuller trust with each new victory to which she leads him. No man can be an unquestioning child of the church who once finds out for himself any knowledge, and discerns in it a segment of the universal law that is sweeping through nature. Henceforth he will bother his priest with troublesome questions, will insist on testing that which he is bidden receive in faith, and will find himself growing daily further off from his spiritual pedagogue.

The supreme folly of every ecclesiasticism is to cherish the disease of omniscience. Attempting to speak oracularly upon all mysteries, it has spread the legs of the cathedra out over the whole globe, and thus it has come to pass that no discovery can be made without undermining some prop of an infallible church. Astronomy, geology, anthropology, history, criticism, all, in affirming their several truths, have denied, of necessity, some error of the church, which knew everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. In particular, the spread of knowledge has taught man the origin and history and nature of ecclesiastical institutions themselves, in such a manner as renders it impossible for most educated people longer to regard them with the superstitious awe that is essential to a priesthood's continued power? What a silent revolution such a book as Dean Stanley's "Christian Institutions" must work in the mind of the average churchman, who is open to light,

and has hitherto regarded surplice and crosier and baptismal font, with their kindred symbols, as the sacred mysteries of a supernatural priesthood, to be discussed with bated breath ! Yet this book of the brave dean is but mildly iconoclastic in comparison with the revelations made to the good churchman in other modern works. There is, in fact, as we now see, nothing in the externals of the Christian church that is not a survival from the churches of paganism. Tonsured head and silvery bells and swinging censer, Christmas and Easter festivals, holy Madonna with her child, the sacramental use of water and bread and wine, the very sign of the cross—all are ancient human institutions, rites, and symbols. Scratch a Christian, and you come upon a pagan. Christianity is a re-baptized paganism.

In all this there is nothing that really faults these ancient usages, as expressions of humanity's religious sense. Rather do these survivals from a venerable past acquire a new reverence in the minds of the wise, from their antiquity, their clustering associations, and their insistent affirmation of a somewhat real and true behind each symbol. But this honor is the rational homage due to humanity's sacred things, not a superstitious homage to magical marvels. The glamour is irrecoverably gone from the priest's spells. The deepening of the ethical and spiritual life of man aggravates the decay of ecclesiasticism. The priest has never led man very far on in the road to "pure religion and undefiled." He has doubtless had a needful part to play in training the mass of men in "the beggarly elements" of religion. The bottomless chair swung from the ceiling, and shutting in the baby, with his feet just touching the floor, may be a needful training for Rollo learning to walk, but it is eminently advisable for Rollo to spring out from its coddling arms as soon as possible, and walk for himself, even though with many a tumble. As long as he fears that he cannot stand alone, he will clutch at it as for his life. When he finds the miracle achieved, he cries to get out, and proudly waves his nurse away. Thus the growing soul comes to find that it can stand upon its own feet in walking with God. Paradoxical as it may sound to the pretty priestlet just blooming from the seminary, it is because man has found a shorter cut to heaven that he no longer sends for a priest to shrive his soul. Victor Hugo needs no father confessor at his bedside, no *viaticum* in starting for

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns."

He knew, even though he had never read it, this fine Lacedemonian saying, which Plutarch gives us :

“*Spartan.* Is it to thee, or to God, that I must confess ?

Priest. To God.

Spartan. Then, man, stand back !”

The end of every human institution is to make itself superfluous.

These are some of the factors working the decay of ecclesiasticism. No tears need be shed over its decomposition. Its evils are not hard to find, nor are they so slight as to leave us indifferent to the ending of this old order, which is yielding place to new. When the ecclesia becomes an ecclesiasticism, that which God hath joined together man puts asunder. A division is at once made between the church and the world. Religion becomes attention to the things of the divine order found in the ecclesia. The order of the great world without is not a divine order, and religion has nothing to do with it but to leave it alone, or to supplant it, as the papacy tried to do. Secular then becomes the synonym for irreligious, and we have, as the logical issue of ecclesiasticism, our modern secularism, that curious bugaboo of the priest, and more curious idol of the so-called infidel. Curious indeed that pious men should ever dream that setting this world at rights was not heavenly business, and more curious that reasonable men should get up any enthusiasm over the endeavor to deprive earthly affairs of their noblest inspiration ; possible, indeed, this latter folly, only as a blind revolt from a false form of religion. The crass atheism of the English secularist is the obverse of the disguised atheism of the English priest, be he Roman or Anglican, the infidelity that believes in no divine life outside the churchly pinfold. When the mob clamors for the *déchéance* of God, it is because his ministers of state have withdrawn from the government of his kingdom to attend to the court ceremonies of the Most High. Bradlaugh does not look like the child of Cardinal Newman, but he is.

In this divorce, ecclesiasticism withdraws from the great world's affairs the very forces that are imperatively needed to purify and ennoble the ideals of business and politics. A man has only a given amount of force, physical, mental, and moral. If his energies are absorbed in one sphere, they cannot overflow into other spheres. The true ecclesia should study such simplicity of mechanism as would free the energies and enthusiasms of its members to drive a

world, instead of merely running a church ; and there should be as little soakage as possible in the pipes that are laid to carry the waters of the river of life into the dry fields of earth ; whereas, ecclesiasticism's big wheels take so much force to turn them, that their belts move the world's looms but languidly, and its pipes absorb so much grace that the desert by no means blossoms as the rose. Ethical forces for all the reforms of society are stored in the Christian church, but the battery is insulated by ecclesiasticism. As this falls away, the power will be turned on for which the world is waiting to-day. The minister, in ceasing to be the priest, is stepping down from his glass stool, and at his living touch the wires of heaven's forces are connecting with the store and the factory, and in the towns and villages of our land conscience is quickening trade and industry and civic government, as charged through the prophets of social righteousness.

As inevitably follows from the unlawful divorce on which ecclesiasticism has insisted, religion itself has suffered quite as much as the world that it deserts. An arrest of circulation is as bad for spirit as for body. The natural flow through the social organism checked, the blood, which is the life thereof, stagnates, corrupts, dies. Wherever ecclesiasticism has flourished, pure religion has decayed. The earlier, simple, direct relationship of the human soul to its God has been barred by the growth of rites and ceremonies, of rituals and symbols, of codes and creeds ; and the institution whose function was the culture of religion has left man without God in the world. The East tells the same tale as the West. The first effort of every reformation in religion is to tear away the parasitic growth that had been sucking out the life of the ecclesia. The Buddha and the Christ found a common foe. The new Christianity would have been dead ere this in the womb of the papacy but for the cesarian operation that Luther performed upon the church. Ethics invariably become corrupt in an ecclesiasticism. The overtrained conscience becomes morbid, priggish, hypocritical. A priesthood not only overtrains conscience, it mistrains it. It corrupts its simplicity, emasculates its energy, perverts its action. Staying away from confession, breaking the Sabbath, failing in due masses for the dead—these become the sins most dwelt upon. The Italian brigand rises from his knees before the Madonna to plunge his stiletto gayly in the heart of the belated traveler. Clarendon tells us that when Charles II. was in Scotland, “the clergy reprehended him

very sharply if he smiled on these days" (Sundays). Fancy good parsons rebuking that royal rake for smiling on Sundays ! Ordinary offenses against the common law of morality can be atoned for in current coin, and crimes are scaled in the indulgence-market in thalers and groschen, Tetzels table giving the exact pecuniary equivalent of a murder or a rape. Thus the church opens "the kingdom of heaven to all" cash-payers. The legend over a Quebec convent runs thus : "Alms will save your soul." It is said that after a late South American "unpleasantness" there were found on the bodies of some of the dead, passports signed by the bishop of the diocese, and addressed to St. Peter, directing him to "admit the bearer as a true son of the church." The most cruel customs, the most tyrannous laws, the most beastly usages, have existed undisturbed beneath the eyes of a fat and flourishing priesthood. The church that had a ritual of exorcism for poor old witches had no "use" for the dispossession of the infamous *jus primæ noctis*, that well-nigh inconceivable privilege of power which was once a recognized feature of the marriage ceremony in certain parts of Christendom. Ecclesiastics have drawn the sacred sign of the cross upon the sword, the gibbet, and the yoke ; have countersigned with the approval of heaven the impoverishing *taille*, and have baptized the Virgin, whose steely arms opened in the embrace of death.

The influence of ecclesiasticism in the sphere of thought has been quite as mischievous as in the realm of action. It has assumed the function of the intellectual teacher of man, without the equipment of the scholar or the resources of the genius. It has fostered that worst of monopolies, an esoteric doctrine, for the initiate, which left the people to the follies of exoteric dogma. It has claimed for its deliverances an authority other than that of the self-evidencing truthfulness of the tenets taught, clothing its oracles with the awful majesty of a supernatural revelation, and announcing the majority vote of its councils as with the very voice of the Holy Ghost. It has arrogated to its pronouncements the infallibility of the Eternal himself, and has treated suspicion thereof as a case for the Holy Inquisition. It has denied to the human reason its natural right of free inquiry and of honest thought, and has chained the mind in the most degrading of slaveries. It has arrested the progress of the intellect in the Western world for centuries. In lieu of the calm tolerance of opinion in imperial

Rome, it has introduced a savage strife worse than that of arms, in which a difference of an iota in a description of the person of Jesus set bishops belaboring each other with "apostolic blows and knocks," and the shame of lectures upon the philosophy of Greece was zealously expiated by the pious monks of Alexandria; "Cyril's dogs" hounding down a Hypatia, and scraping her flesh from her bones with the shells of the Mediterranean strand. As early as the age of the Clementine Homilies, we find this warning: "Wherefore, above all, remember to shun apostle or teacher or prophet who does not first accurately compare his preaching with (that of) James." As late as the days of the evangelic Rutherford, we hear the old warning repeated: "If ye depart from what I taught you in a hair-breadth, . . . I take heaven and earth to witness that ill shall come upon you in end." What he taught, how well do many of us remember, from the time when we tried to feed on him, and thought ourselves carnal because we could not relish the diet.

Ecclesiasticism has closed Christendom against the one true source of knowledge of the Divine Being whom it has professed to reveal—the laws most truly revealed in the nature that is his handiwork. Its doctors have been thus kept away from the data for a true theology, and the inadequacy of its creeds, as symbols of the eternal mysteries, has been thereby most effectually guaranteed. Theology has been denied the chance of progress, by the correction of the guesses of the past in the knowledge of the present, and the symbol of divine truth has been found in a fossil. From all spheres of knowledge not compassed by the ecclesiastic mind the possession of religious truth has been ruled out, and savants have thus been taught to regard science, not as a prism catching the beams of the Creator, but as a looking-glass reflecting the conceited consciousness of the creature.

The revolt of the human reason from the church to-day is almost wholly the result of the usurpation of authority by ecclesiastics, and men in ever-increasing numbers are exiling themselves from the homes of their fathers, because the priesthoods of Rome and of Protestantism allow them no freedom of thought and speech in the ancestral mansions, but only the slavery of superstition or the silence of cowardice. No crass and blatant Philistinism can create a tithe of the infidelity that logically flows from the typical formula of ecclesiasticism given in the Atharva-Veda, a formula needing

only a change of nomenclature to fall naturally from the lips of the Christian hierarchy :

"All that exists is in the power of the gods. The gods are under the power of magical conjurations. The magical conjurations are under the control of the Brahmans. Hence the gods are in the power of the Brahmans."

In short, the characteristic evils of our life and thought, as viewed from a religious standpoint, chiefly indicate the sequelæ of the lingering disease of ecclesiasticism. Well may Inman write, in the preface to "*Ancient Pagan and Modern Christian Symbolism* : "

"The greatest curse to a nation is . . . a form of faith which prevents manly inquiry. . . . So long as every man does to other men as he would that they should do to him, and allows no one to interfere between him and his Maker, all will go well with the world."

He that levels his lance against ecclesiasticism is not as yet attacking a corpse. This world-old tyrant does not die with such happy dispatch as to make it superfluous to let a little blood occasionally. Giant Pope is old and toothless, but he sits before his den with the same unregenerate heart as of old ; cunning where he used to be brutal, holding hosts still under the spell woven in his more masterful days. When last he seated himself in his cathedra to declare the oracles of God, these were the gracious words at which men wondered :

"Let him be anathema . . . who shall say that human sciences ought to be pursued in such a spirit of freedom that one may be allowed to hold as true their assertions, even when opposed to revealed doctrine ; . . . who shall say that it may at any time come to pass, in the progress of science, that the doctrines set forth by the church must be taken in another sense than that in which the church has ever received and yet receives them."

The decay of ecclesiasticism will not prove the death of the ecclesia, but only of those fungoid growths that, twining round it, have sucked into themselves the strength of the soil of man's spiritual nature, from whose decomposition the chemistry of life will extract the succulent juices to feed a new growth of pure religion. While the eternal mysteries abide, man's awe before them will not disappear. While the eternal order reigns, man's trust in it will give him hope and faith. Until man's consciousness changes more than it has changed in the thousands of years through which we can track his story, that consciousness will affirm the ancient

verities, God and Immortality. This natural religion will find its institution, as every other natural relationship finds its institution. While the family lasts as the institute of the affections, and the state endures as the institute of rights, the church will abide as the institute of religion. Until a nobler than Jesus arises, realizing a fuller incarnation of God, the institute of religion in our Western world will bear the name of the Nazarene, and those who would walk in the spirit will call him Master. But if his church is to be the church of the future, it must needs become as free, as fluid, and as fertile as was the religion of Jesus himself. No ism of an ecclesia must gather around the simple life of the church an exaggerated estimate of its worth, a superstitious sense of its nature, a perverted activity of its functions, a tyrannous exercise of its power, an arbitrary division of life after its own lines, artificial and morbid ideals for human aspiration, a hostility to the reason which is the very word of God in man. The natural ecclesia must not again become a supernatural ecclesiasticism.

R. HEBER NEWTON.

THE GREAT PSYCHICAL OPPORTUNITY.

SOMETHING over three years ago, in February, 1882, there was organized in London a society which had what one is half tempted to call the Opportunity of the Century in its hands. In these days,—when the multiple power of the unit has reached a point of social infliction which makes every fresh combination of human beings an object of dread, if not of suspicion; when the well-instructed citizen adds to his litany: “Deliver us from associations, and lead us not into committees!” when people who draw up a constitution and by-laws, for any purpose whatever, must show their charter, or stand back in the name of over-organized humanity,—it is much to say of any newly-associated effort that its final cause seems so adequate as that of the Society for Psychical Research.

The prospectus of this society says:

“It has been widely felt that the present is an opportune time for making an organized and systematic attempt to investigate that large group of debatable phenomena designated by such terms as mesmeric, psychical, and spiritualistic. From the recorded testimony of many competent witnesses, past and present, including observations recently made by scientific men of eminence in various countries, there appears to be, amidst much illusion and deception, an important body of remarkable phenomena, which are *primâ facie* inexplicable on any generally recognized hypothesis, and which, if incontestably established, would be of the highest possible value.”

It is not necessary to quarrel with the assertion of the well-known and well-informed gentlemen who stand sponsors for this society, when they proceed to say that

“The task of examining such residual phenomena has often been undertaken by individual effort, but never hitherto by a scientific society organized on a sufficiently broad basis.”

Nor should we overlook the prudent reminder of the President of the Association, that

“It does not throw aside *en bloc* the results of previous inquiries as untrustworthy, and arrogate a superior knowledge of Scientific method, or intrinsically

greater trustworthiness. . . . I do not presume to suppose that I could produce evidence better in quality than much that has been laid before the world by writers of indubitable scientific repute—men like Mr. Crookes, Mr. Wallace, and the late Professor De Morgan. But it is clear that from what I have defined as the aim of the society, however good some of its evidence may be in quality, we require a great deal more of it. . . . What I mean by *sufficient evidence* . . . of thought-reading, clairvoyance, or the phenomena called spiritualistic . . . is evidence that will convince the scientific world; and for that we obviously require a good deal more than we have so far obtained."

And, again, from whatever point of view one may approach the position of the investigators who have this work in hand, few of us will fail to echo Professor Sedgwick's assertion, that

"We are all agreed that the present state of things is a scandal to the enlightened age in which we live. That the dispute as to the reality of these marvelous phenomena—of which it is quite impossible to exaggerate the importance, if only a tenth part of what has been alleged by generally credible witnesses could be shown to be true—I say it is a scandal that the dispute as to the reality of these phenomena should still be going on, that so many competent witnesses should have declared their belief in them, that so many of these should be profoundly interested in having the question determined, and yet that the educated world, as a body, should still be simply in the attitude of incredulity."

A sturdy child of the English parentage, there has bounded into birth among ourselves an important organization dedicated to the same work, and if the names upon its board of officers mean anything, we have prudence and power enough pledged to the business at home to give candor a trial and truth a chance.

Wisely said Professor Barrett, of Dublin, who was present at the opening meeting of the American Society for Psychical Research :

"Of course, persons who take up this matter must expect no little ridicule, and perhaps some abuse. But, out of alchemy came chemistry, and out of astrology, astronomy. There may be much in these extraordinary accounts of second-sight, thought-reading, apparitions, and so forth, fit only for ridicule; but if there are any facts at the bottom, we want to find them."

What, now, is the great, inattentive, incredulous intelligence, called the public, to understand that these learned gentleman are doing? It is time that the intellectual "thick weather" which lies about the vague thing known as psychical investigation should, to some extent, clarify among unscientific people. What are Professor Sedgwick, of Trinity College, and Professor Barrett, of Dublin, and the Bishop of Carlisle, and Mr. Frederick Myers about? And what (in an honorary capacity) Dr. Crookes and

Alfred Wallace and Lord Tennyson and Mr. Ruskin? What are Harvard College Observatory and Harvard Chair of Metaphysics, and members of the Faculty of Johns Hopkins and the University of Pennsylvania, and the wisdom and influence of our own learned and cool-headed men, who do not "give names" without consciences behind them, accomplishing, or about to accomplish, among ourselves?

When the greatest intellectual discovery of our times was made, it was wrought out of the inductive method, inch by inch, laboriously, consistently, and triumphantly. The theory of evolution was a masterpiece of loving toil, and of relentless logic. Darwin* was twenty-two years in collecting and controlling the material for the "Origin of Species" and the "Descent of Man." Wallace, who competed with him for the formulation of the evolutionary law, was submerged like one of their own shells in the waves that beat upon the shores of the Malay archipelago. These men gave their souls and bodies to become students of the habits of a mollusk or a monkey, the family peculiarities of a bug or a bird, the private biographies of a mastodon or a polyp, the measurable but imperceptible movement of a glacier, the ancestry of a parasite, the vanity of a butterfly, the digestion of a fly-catcher, the moral nature of a climbing plant, or the journey of an insect from one desert island to another upon a floating bough.

Induction, which is as familiar as Bacon, and as old as philosophy, became, in the hands of the "Greatest since Newton," an applied force which has taught the century—nay, which has taught all time and all truth—a solemn lesson. Two things are needed to the discovery of a great principle: the power to attend, and the power to infer. We might add a third, the power to imagine, which may be overlooked in the construction of important theory; but, whatever may be said of that, the power to attend, coming first in order, must be first considered. Darwin's colossal success was owing, to an extent which it is impossible for a lesser mind to measure, to his almost supernatural power of attention to the natural; his superhuman patience of observation and record.

* "It occurred to me," he says, "in 1837, that something might perhaps be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting. . . . After five years' work, I allowed myself to speculate on the subject . . . from that period to the present day, I have steadily pursued the same object." (Introduction to "Origin of Species," published in 1859.)

He observed and recorded as no other man of our day has done ; his power of inference proved equal to his observing and recording power ; and we have the doctrine of evolution by which physical science has been the first, but will not be the last, may even prove to be the least of human interests yet to profit unspeakably.

It would seem that the trained minds called to the leadership of the new psychical movement have been prompt to turn the *geist* of the century in the last direction in which we should have looked for it. The current that wrought marvels out of stocks and stones they propose to pour upon air and essence. What conquered matter shall assail mind ? What ordered order shall dominate the disorderly ? The scientific method shall now rule the unscientific madness, and we shall see what we shall see.

In the metaphysical and in the physical worlds the legal fiber is essentially the same. The material differs more than the method. In this case there exists one distinction : that it is in a peculiar sense to the help of the unlearned that the learned have appealed in the work of the psychical organizations. Here is a mass of, let us say, asserted but unverified fact, which, if true, is of immeasurable importance to the interests of the human race. Such verification is not, as yet, to be found in libraries or in laboratories. Telescope and microscope and chip-hammer and retort do not serve the case. The literature of the subject is, in great part, untested, illegal, whimsical, prehistoric to the spirit of the scientific era, and to the spirit in which, if at all, such a subject must now be approached. Here we have to deal with an inchoate accumulation of mind-facts or soul-facts, of which the mind or the soul must be clerk, witness, judge, and juror. Here, especially, we have to do with confused freshets and land-slides of material which, pre-eminently above other material that science has sought to arrange and label, depends upon the intelligence and veracity of human beings for its classification. Here, in short, we come yesterday, to-day, and forever, jaggedly against the supreme difficulties attaching to the validity and credibility of testimony. Here, because of the supremacy of these difficulties, superstition and science must not shoot, but grapple.

Hence, we see, with a keen sense of their wisdom, the officers of the psychical societies appealing, at the outset, to the public for co-operation in the work of investigating that which is hidden, not in desert islands, or in glaciers, or in craters, or in crucibles, or in

cuneiform inscriptions, but in human experience. On human intelligence and veracity the test must strike ; it would seem that the electric light of science blazes white enough now, if ever, to try them. Did it seem a dubious experiment to flood the English-reading world with little circulars asking for authentic cases of mind-reading, or visions, as reported at first-hand by reporters willing to be personally investigated ? Was it with amusement that we first saw these dignified gentlemen subpoena apparitions from the most intelligent families ? Did we fall into the automatic attitudes of perplexity when English science solemnly sent social cards to haunted houses ? Did we ask why this precious ointment was not sold to the poor, when we saw learned men playing the "Willing Game" in country-houses to find out whether the human mind can get through sealed walls ? And when one of the most important philosophical chairs in the country is represented on the committee inviting spiritualistic mediums to "demonstrate to us experimentally their possession of peculiar powers," do we sneer or smile ?

If we are wise, we shall do neither. These men know what they are about, and why they are about it. They know that no previous investigations of the most insoluble problem of human history have been built upon a basis broad enough or strong enough to do the thing which is now attempted by the strongest and longest lever that can be thrust beneath it. They know that our advanced civilization has an advanced chance at the eternal mystery. They know that what superstition has made folly of ; and religion, mysticism ; and literature, sensationalism ; and the rudimentary science of the past, stuff-and-nonsense—the developed science of to-day should make sense of ; nay, must make sense of, or suffer what we are now prepared to see would become the greatest defeat that the scientific claim has undergone. They know, in short, that the ingenuity of the scientific method and the patience of the scientific temper and the equability of the scientific temperament ought to be the equivalent of ghost-stories and table-tippings and occult letters and materializations in London, and *séances* in Boston ; and that it is the worse for science if they are not. The greater the weight, the more the strands in the cable that hoists it. Nothing is too small for so huge a work as that which would lift the load of mystery older than the Witch of Endor, terrified at her trick, which had summoned what we should now find it fashionable to

call a "telepathic impression"—a load as new as the last poor creature, in fresh mourning, paying two dollars a sitting to a fifth-story medium, to get "communications" from her dead child. He who means to win in a charge upon this mountain of mystery and misery can condescend—must condescend—to the infinite drudgery of discovery. It may not be too much to say that the greatest physical and metaphysical scholars of our day can do no better thing with their gifts, or their greatness, than to apply to the psychical facts the sheer force which has conquered the physical—the force that adequately observes and records before inferring; or, as Darwin puts it, that "accumulates" before "reflecting." This, then, they have sought to do. As the apostle of evolution collected, collated, colligated his enormous array of facts before theorizing, they who undertake this other task would collect, collate, and colligate the disarray of their facts before they theorize.

Let them call upon us to tell our coincident dreams, and give the references of our grandfather's ghost, and sift before their scathing jury the hallucinations, or clairvoyances, or clairsaudiences, or presentiments, that our "intelligence and veracity" can muster to the summons. The more the better. The patience that summons should be equal to the perplexity that replies. Men have dedicated their lives to the classification of an insect, or the cultivation of an accent. Why not study the power which makes one man able to make another say Peter Piper, across the width of the house, with the doors shut? The spirit which gave to the world her great scientific gospel devoured itself till it knew why the flesh of a creature, invisible without the microscope, was of the color of the leaf on which it lived and died. Why, then, should not a man keep tally of the relative number of times that a blindfold subject will select the right card from a pack? "High authorities" have wearied themselves to account for the difference in the molars and premolars within the jaws of the dog and the Tasmanian wolf. May not a scientist eat mustard, to see if his mesmeric recipient will say that his mouth is burnt? Or even ask why a valuable piece of property stands unrented for a generation, because a dead woman is said to be heard sobbing in it? In brief, are not the methods which overcome the mysteries of matter entitled to the same exercise and to the same respect that they have had, when they are applied to the mysteries of mind? Here, we say, are the facts. Hundreds of people, whose word of honor is as good intellectual coin as that

of the reader of this page or the contributor to this REVIEW, have testified to the conveyance of thought, without visible or audible or tangible media, from embodied mind to embodied mind; to the tragic or the trivial incidents of mesmerism; to the coincidence of dreams; to the prophecy of mental convictions; to the visual appearance of the distant living; to the sight or sign of what is thought to be the more distant dead.

Thousands of sensible and reliable men and women to-day believe these things on the strength of personal experience; and, believing, accept them with such explanation of their own as they may, in default of any from silent science. It would seem as if these circumstances were of as much importance to science as the transverse lamellæ in the beak of a shoveler duck, or the climate of the lowlands under the equator during the severe part of the glacial period.

A cautious Spiritualist, prominently identified with the movements of his sect, in reply to inquiries made for use in this paper writes:

"I think it would be within bounds to say, that in this country, the number who have by personal investigation come into what they believe to be a knowledge of spirit return and manifestation is not less than 2,000,000, and that a still larger number have experienced enough to satisfy them that there 'is something in it,' but how much they don't know."

Estimates two or three times as large are made by less careful zealots. The writer of the article on Spiritualism in the "*American Encyclopædia*," says:

"As the organized bodies of Spiritualists include but a small proportion of those who wholly or partially accept these phenomena, it is impossible to make even an approximate estimate of their number."

In Great Britain, the number is supposed to be larger than among ourselves. Here, let us say, to take the most modest figures, are two millions of our people, intelligent enough to conduct the affairs and obey the laws and bear the responsibilities of average civilized society, who habitually and confidently approach the awful verities of death through the unexplained trance which we content ourselves with calling a morbid nervous condition; people whose main religious faith is formulated—God help them!—in the columns of papers,—most of which we never read if we can help it,—or in the pages of what they are pleased to call a New Bible, spiritually communicated through mediums of the sect. Say what we

may (and we ought to say it) of the nonsense, say what we may of the fraud, of the jugglery, the hysteria, the blasphemy mixed to a mush with the whole matter, the significant fact remains, that here is a huge class not of the lowest or most illiterate, while not yet, to any marked extent, of the wisest or highest, who believe themselves, in our highly-illuminated times, to have found some means of access to the consciousness of their dead. Here is the massive bulwark of the mystery—be it from within or from without; were it from above or from below; call it a base trick or a glorious possibility—where the Prince of the Power of the Air intrenches himself; that he gives or assumes to give, or is believed to give to the starving human heart, bereaved of its bread of life, the crumbs from the table of Love and Death. Were it not as great a deed, is it not as large a duty, to hunt down the facts behind this faith, to grip the truth from out this error, to have this law that lies between the body and the soul, as it were to discover the link between a monkey and a man?

Modern science is systematically severe in the conditions which she lays upon the spirit of inquiry. The spirit of inquiry may, in turn, demand something of her. We say a great deal in these days about the scientific basis of thought and action. What do we mean by it? We suppose ourselves to mean that a subject shall be approached with two qualifications: equipment and candor; the presence of equivalent ability, and the absence of nullifying prejudice. These two endowments we have the right to expect of any investigators who penetrate the unexplored upon the map of Truth. We may assume that the eminent officers and members of the psychological societies represent a wide enough range of training, psychological and physiological, religious and skeptical, to deprive us of all necessity to question their possession of the first of these conditions. Remembering the fatal facility with which the latter escapes the highest human intelligences, nay, seems often to escape in proportion to the power of pure intellectual absorption, we must adjust our anticipations in that direction more in the form of "a solemn hope" (as the sub-Positivists say of immortality) than of a fixed assurance. We have read of the chemist who said to a philosopher: "But the chemical facts, my dear sir, are precisely the reverse of what you suppose." "Have the goodness, then," was the instantaneous reply, "to tell me what they are, that I may ex-

plain them on my system." Such a spirit, which, alas ! is newer than the anecdote, would be worse than no spirit at all, in the attempt to bring down so subtle and mocking a truth as that which flies or floats in obscure psychical phenomena. We have to deal now with wings, not clay ; we must use arrows and nets, not dericks and dynamite. We must take straight lines through infinite ether, and measure the velocities of the zephyrs, and the atmospheric pressure of mists. We have to keep the judgment as open as a cloud to the colors of the sun. Our observation must be aerometric. Science finds herself in a New Earth ; whether New Heavens are above it, it is for her—and for Truth—to say.

There were scholars among the contemporaries of Galileo who never would consent to look through a telescope, lest they should be compelled to admit the existence of the stars which he had discovered. Such intellectual palsy is not out of the world's system yet. It is the rarest thing upon earth to be fair. It is a rarer thing, among what are called scientific minds, than this paper has space to justify itself for asserting. Of all human teachers, they whose claim to our respect is founded most confidently upon their endowment fail us sometimes most roundly in this secondary qualification of simple, human candor. The bigotry of the laboratory and the library is quite as robust as the bigotry of the altar and the creed. The *præjudicium* which is infiltrated with matter and fact is as stiff as that which has become hygroscopic of mind and theory. We hear a great deal about the value of scientific evidence. We have the right to ask a great deal of the scientific attitude. What should it be ? That which George Eliot would call one of "massive receptiveness." What must it be ? That which will stand the test of its own primer and grammar. Wise are they who would be unsparing as a sieve, made from the hair on the brows of Minerva, in their definition of "evidence ;" what sifts through those exquisite meshes is worth the pains. But observe the hand that weaves the sieve ; and watch the volition that guides the hand. An imperceptible jar of human prejudice may spoil the finest web of attention and inference that ever the human mind has wrought. It is his first privilege, who would take the attitude that qualifies him for handling delicate evidence, to see to it that his candor is educated equally with his skill. We have passed the time when a man might assume the name of philosopher, who did not hesitate to say that he would rather be in the wrong with Plato than in

the right with his opponents. What is it, indeed, to be candid, but to be willing to see a thing turn out either way? What is the scientific spirit, but the honest spirit? What is the investigating power, but the judicial power? What is it to be wise, but to be just?

A keen modern writer has well said, that by the time a man becomes an authority in any scientific subject he becomes a nuisance upon it, because he is sure to retain errors which were in vogue when he was young, but which a newer wisdom has rejected. Such an accusation ought to become, in proportion to the enlightenment of the age, unjust or impossible. The qualification of candor should grow as fast as that of equipment. As the intellectual outfit of scholars multiplies, fairness in the use of it should increase proportionately, must increase proportionately, or the investigating power "loses stroke" upon one side, and we have an eagle with a wing crippled seeking to cut a straight course to the stars, or expecting the observer to think he does. "Were there a single man," says Bacon, "to be found with firmness sufficient to efface from his mind the theories and notions vulgarly received, and to apply his intellect free and without prevention, the best hopes might be entertained of his success."

What is it, then, to be great, but to be fair? He who would approach a subject like this of which we write, in the sacred name of science, needs to be manned for the results, be they what they may. This matter is too large for any littleness of spirit to grasp. No prepossessions are going to get at it. It is not time yet for any "working hypothesis." It is too early to have assurances that one thing can, or another cannot be. We shall never have the truth by inventing it, but by discovering it. We must be equal to the surprises of truth. If she beat the breath out of our dearest delusions, we must be willing to bury them. If she strike the keystone out of our firmest convictions, we must be able to climb their ruins. I say, without hesitation, that no investigator is qualified to pass judgment upon psychical phenomena, who is not equally ready to admit, if admit he must, in the end, that he is dealing with the physiological action of cells in the frontal lobes of the brain, or with the presence of a human soul disembodied by death. He must be hospitable to a hallucination, or to a spectre. He must be, if necessary, just to an apparition as well as generous to a molecule. He must use the eyes of his soul as well

as the lense of his microscope. He must not be frightened away from the discovery of some superb unknown law, because there is a vulgar din of "Ghosts!" about his ears. He had better find a ghost, if ghost there be, than to find nothing at all, for fear it may not be "scientific" to walk about after one is dead. That does not deserve the name of the scientific attitude which assumes that the supernatural is impossible, any more than that which assumes that it is necessary. No foregone conclusion which restricts the nature of an undiscovered law to a purely physical basis is more scholarly than the bias which prejudicates a superhuman agency behind the dancing of a piano in the air. It may be just as unscientific to assert prematurely that a man of honor, intelligence, and education is suffering from a mere local affection of the retina, when he testifies that he sees and converses with the image of his distant brother at the moment of that brother's death by accident, as it would be to assert that Aristotle expresses himself to the American public through the columns of the "Banner of Light." It may be no more judicial to predetermine that the appearance of phosphorescent letters in the air, under given conditions, must of necessity be a piece of jugglery, than it would be to fall upon our knees before it as the work of angels, or cross ourselves before it as the threat of demons. He may be no more fitted for psychical research who dismisses a certified instance of the clairaudient inter-consciousness of friends a thousand miles apart, as a foredoomed coincidence or exaggeration, than he who would accept the "communication" of his recently dead son, sent to him unsought by the medium who has dared to subject the sacred privacy of a stranger's bereavement to the paragraph of the Spiritualistic press, happily unaware that the supposed spirit has forgotten, in the educational elevation of the disembodied life, how to spell his own name. The philosophical faculty may be no more exhibited by the student who takes it for granted that the raps in a circle of investigators are made by knuckles or toe-joints, than it is exhibited by the man who guides his investments on the advice of a female medium who does not know the difference between a United States registered bond and Mr. Micawber's note-of-hand. To assume that a historical case of house possession like that of Wesley, or his more modern fellow-sufferers, is an ingenious trick or a highly-developed rat, is perhaps, if we think of it, not much more intelligent than to manage one's matrimonial

affairs in accordance with the direction of a gentleman who examines locks of hair, and charges a dollar for his opinion.

The question : What is evidence ? is a long one to answer ; but the question : What is prejudice ? is short enough. The stiff materialist is not educated for a sound investigator any more than the limp emotionalist ; and the impulse to decry, as a matter of course, the mental or psychical basis of obscure phenomena, is scarcely more reasonable than the hysteria which hangs upon Indian babble as the utterance of the intelligent dead. As it is not logic not to accept consequences, so it is not philosophy not to prepare for them. A certain class of minds has to learn that the illogical and unphilosophical have no more chance at mystery than they have at mathematics ; and that our chief hope of success in these matters lies in our more highly-developed modern consciousness of this fact, and of what it means. It is not a fixed bayonet, piercing in but one direction ; it is the Flaming Sword that turneth either way.

We have said that it is too early to accept a working hypothesis. In the work of the English society, a close observer may already detect the danger of a mistake in the precise direction where the Society most deprecates mistake in its coadjutors. It seems to us that a hypothesis is put to very hard play, if not to work, in the hands of the committees most interested in the telepathic theory. Between the physical and the supernatural explanations of these phenomenal facts there is a middle ground, whereon the conjecture formulated into what is called Telepathy has sprung. If not ghosts, if not jugglery, if not electricity, we have now offered to us the occult action of living mind upon mind ; and we have an excellent conjecture. Suppose that the telepathic theory might explain an immense proportion (I do not say all) of what are called the supernatural facts of Spiritualism ; whether it does so, we have not yet "accumulated and reflected" enough to say. Both the objections to and the arguments for the adaptation of telepathy to these phenomena are keenly interesting ; but they would require the leisure of a paper to themselves to discuss them intelligently.

There is here, we say, an excellent conjecture, so far as it goes. No student of the subject can deny that. But no student of the subject ought to assume, at this stage of the investigation, that telepathy goes far enough. Wait. Let us not repeat the blunder of superstition or of incredulity. Wait. Let us have something

that will go to the end of the matter. Sir Isaac Newton humbly said that he had one talent : the ability to look steadily at a problem until he saw it through. The only hope that we have in dealing with this problem of problems lies in the will and the power to look at it until we see it through. The world has played with the thing long enough. Otherwise sensible human beings have been the dupes or the cynics of the subject from age to age, and from civilization to civilization. It is time that the mystery which has baffled twenty centuries found its master. Other secrets of force have defied and been conquered. Why not this? Other laws have eluded and been grasped. Why not this? Other dangers have been dared, other obstacles pulverized, other ridicule or indifference waived, other patience and passion spent for other conflicts with the reluctance of nature to surrender truth. Why not these, and for this? Here is one fact : the existence from all time of a huge sum of inexplicable phenomena. Here is another : the intelligent human will. At this epoch of our development there ought, if ever, to be an equation between the two. The Indian occultist, the Jewish sorcerer, the Scotch seer, the Puritan witch, the modern medium, have presented but so many passing forms of the permanent fact, which, like Ahasuerus, has wandered from generation to generation, a homeless, deathless, unwelcome thing. Like the Spanish knight in the song, it

"Rides from land to land,
It sails from sea to sea."

If the time has come to break lances with it, let us do so in downright earnest.

That was a timely incident recalled by one of the distinguished investigators in London, and attributed to Sir William Hamilton and Airey. It was Airey who, Sir William having alluded to some important mathematical fact, answered : "No, it cannot be." The great philosopher gently observed : "I have been investigating it closely for the last five months, and cannot doubt its truth." "But," said Airey, "I've been at it for the last five minutes, and cannot see it at all !"

The psychical opportunity, as it may be called, takes its due chronological order after the great physical opportunity of which modern science has already availed itself, and may be looked upon as a natural sequence—as a case of evolutionary growth in inves-

tigation. After the more demonstrable comes the more elusive; after the more manifest, the more occult. We are now to prepare for what an American philosopher calls "the growing predominance of the psychical life."

View it through whatever glass we may, there is a chance here for a great discovery and for a great discoverer. The day has gone when the stock arguments of incredulity are strong enough to grip the subject. To assume that a large mass of our respectable fellow-citizens are either fools or knaves no longer quite covers the case. The jugglery hypothesis, too often a sound and necessary one, is not elastic enough to stretch over the circuit; as in a case of house-possession personally known to the writer of this paper, which was carried to the leading prestidigitator of the day for his professional opinion, with the inquiry: "Is there anything in your business which would explain these occurrences?" "No!" was the ringing answer, with a terrible thump of the conjurer's hand upon the table. "No! And by — I wouldn't stay in such a house twenty-four hours!"

Here we stand, at the gates of an unknown law, or series of laws. To know that the unknown exists is a step gained. Science has never rested before her own admitted ignorance. To concede that there is something to conquer is to go far in prophecy that she will conquer it. When organized knowledge brings to her siege a docility equivalent to the force of resistance, the counter-scarp is passed. To be educated in the laws of matter is the cell-life of knowledge. In its vertebrate development it must command the laws of mind. He makes as unscientific a mistake who would perceive the truths of physics, and stop there, as he would who should write a system of metaphysics without a knowledge of physiology. Science has her superstitions as well as faith; it is the first of these to be superstitiously afraid of superstition. Only with the developed courage which is implied in perfect skill are the tactics of truth to be mastered. We may say that Science at the bayonet's point, before the fortress of Mystery, is put upon her mettle at last. Too unscholarly has been the sneer or the silence; too feeble the attack; too serious have been the defeats. The moment of the charge has come. Most great martial crises create great generals. If ever there was a chance for one in the history of human knowledge, there is a chance for one to-day, and here.

Shall the power which could classify the kingdoms of the earth,

and claim the glory of them, be thwarted by the capacity of an untouched dining-table to thump a man against a wall? Is a "brain-wave" more unmanageable than an ether-wave? We are taught that there are octaves in the wave-lengths of light corresponding to octaves in sound-vibrations, and that the spectrum has been studied for about four octaves beyond the red end, and one beyond the violet. Is this a less mysterious accomplishment than the power of the human will to act as a substitute for anæsthesia in a surgical operation? Is the boldest conjecture of telepathy more stupendous than the telephone was twelve years ago? We smile when we are told of the telegraphic battery constructed for the accommodation of what are called spirits who desire to employ the Morse alphabet. There are probably few readers of this periodical who would get beyond a smile in regard to such an invention. Yet, is the unknown action of mind on mind possibly expressed through such a use of the laws of electricity more amazing than the half-developed phonograph from which we were told we were to hear the treasured voices of the dead or absent?

Whether we are dealing with matter, mind, or spirit, it is too early yet in the process of investigation to know. It is not too early to know that one law may be no more illegal than another law, and that because we understand the conditions of one, and do not understand the conditions of the other, is no more of a reason why the other should not exist, than Franklin's ignorance of the value of shares in the Electric Light Company of New York City, to-day, was a reason for not putting up the first lightning-rods. It is not too early to know that the psychical opportunity is a great chance for honesty and liberality of spirit, for originality and force of mind, for attention, for patience, for reason, and, we may say, for hope. What benefactors to their kind will they be who shall clutch from this mystery, ancient as earth, shadowy as dreams, and somber as fate, the substance of a verified law!

Be it the law which guides the telegraph, the law which sways an audience, the law by which a hand-pass cures a headache, the law which unites the thoughts of distant friends, or the law by which dumb death should create a vocabulary for deaf life, the chance to formulate it is the chance for a great achievement. Accomplished or defeated, it is an achievement for scholarship and for common-sense to undertake with a sober,

dedicated spirit, adequate to the seriousness of the consequences involved in success or failure. We may add, what is sure to be understood by some of our readers, and as sure not to be by others, that it is an achievement asking also for the higher education of that candid and noble power imperfectly called spirituality of nature. He who has enough of this faculty to respect it, will follow our meaning. We need not tax the patience of him who has not, by here emphasizing the relation of such a power to the scientific method.

In physical theory, the gap between the development of the lower and higher organizations has never been filled. In religious belief, there remains an insoluble mystery about the doctrine that claims to mediate between God and man. In psychical speculation, too, shall we expect a missing link? Will the conjunctive between life and death elude us? The combining medium of soul and body defy us? When we have a psychical system lacking no more than science and theology lack, we may pause, and we should not pause till then. One need not be a Spencerian in philosophy, to cry with Spencer: "The deepest truth we can get at must be unaccountable."

The Darwin of the science of the soul is yet to be. He has a large occasion. It will be found greater to explain the dissolution than the evolution of the race. It is more to teach us where we go to than to tell us what we came from. From the "Descent" to the "Destiny" of man is the natural step. The German physicist who gave his book the supreme title of "The Discovery of the Soul" was wiser than he knew. That was a piercing satire on the materialistic philosophy which suggested, not long since, that mourners hereafter be given front seats at geological lectures, and the most deeply bereaved provided with chip-hammers to collect specimens. Older than the classic of St. Pierre, and young as the anguish of yesterday, is the moan: "Since death is a good, and since Virginia is happy, I would die, too, and be united to Virginia."

Science has given us a past. Too long has she left it to faith to give us a future. Human love cannot be counted out of the forces of nature; and earth-bound human knowledge turns to lift its lowered eyes toward the firmament of immortal life.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE NAVAL TACTICS OF THE FUTURE.

It is hardly possible to glance at the development of the modern fighting ship from the wooden craft of old without being struck with the analogy between military action afloat and ashore. It is easy to trace a similar line of progress in each case, and to show that the same stages have been successively passed through, in the attempt to render the warrior invulnerable, while providing him with every means possible for inflicting injury upon the foe. Just as the invention of gunpowder led first to the increase of body armor, and then to its final abandonment, so the introduction of rifled guns produced the iron-clad frigates, and their subsequent improvement—the huge, unwieldy monsters that appear such formidable items in the naval strength of European powers. Who shall say, in view of the impossibility of keeping pace with the ever-increasing power of artillery, that these vessels, too, will not give way in time to some new type of unarmored craft? Already the armor-belt is being confined to the more vulnerable parts of the ship, just as, with the soldier, the defensive covering of the arms and legs was abandoned, in order to give greater freedom to the limbs, and allow the covering of the chest to be increased in weight and strength.

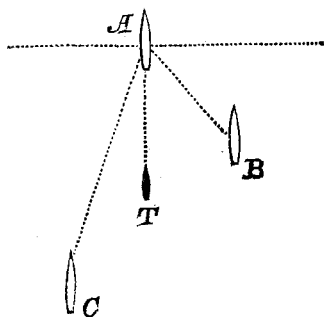
The naval fights of the past were like the hand-to-hand encounters of mail-clad warriors before the days of gunpowder. Apart from the efforts to close with the foe, there was no maneuvering, but each ship, after grappling with an antagonist, hammered away at her till one or the other was placed *hors de combat*, and the victor then passed on in search of another. It was a series of single combats, without much concerted action; the admiral in command, once the battle had begun, losing all control over the action of the fleet, generally. The introduction of steam completely revolutionized the old tactics by enlarging the area within

which maneuvering was possible. It smoothed away, as it were, all physical obstacles, giving an open field to the contending forces, with no strong strategic positions, the timely occupation of which might turn the tide of battle at some critical moment. It was seen at once that the old system must be abandoned. With the power to move in all directions, the weather-gauge lost its advantages, besides which, any maneuvering for the purpose of attaining a windward position might cause the exposure of a weak front to the attack of an active enemy. New lines were therefore laid down for the movements of a fleet in face of an enemy, and in place of the one order of battle, various formations for attack have found their way into the system of naval tactics adopted by different countries. The same principle, however, so necessary in the days of sailing craft, of keeping the fleet in a compact mass, in order that a crippled ship might have the support of her consorts, was still maintained, and it is only within the past few years that naval commanders have shown a disposition to break entirely with the traditions. The necessity has been recognized of changing the tactical unit, and forming the order of battle not with single ships in one or more lines, but in groups of three or more vessels, and allowing a wider space for maneuvering around each, in order to increase the general mobility of the fleet. The battle of Lissa (1866), the only naval fight, properly speaking, that has taken place since the introduction of steam, was fought on the old lines. The Austrian fleet, in a wedge formation, broke through the Italian in "line ahead," and the ram did more damage than the heavy artillery. The wedge formation is undoubtedly very strong for attack against a fleet in close order, each ship of which has to look for instructions to the same leader. But a fleet, in such a formation, that gave battle to an enemy advancing against it in groups of three, would be very awkwardly situated when one of these "compound units," maneuvering round either flank, attacked it in the rear. The naval tactics of the future must have, as a foundation, the adoption of the group system. The fleet must be divided into small portions, each of which will have its own leader, who, while doing his utmost to carry out the general instructions of the commander-in-chief, will, nevertheless, be guided by circumstances in operating against the enemy. A naval commander-in-chief labors under this disadvantage, that, unlike a military commander, he cannot place himself

on a height, and take in at a glance the disposition of his forces and those of the enemy. The smoke, to a great extent, will hide from his view the course of battle; and when he would fain give orders, either for an advance or a flanking movement, it is only by signals, which may not be seen or understood, that he can endeavor to make known his wishes to those interested. Formerly the admiral led the line, and his ship was generally the first to engage the enemy. Under the altered condition, he should no more seek to be in the *mêlée* than the general in supreme command of an army in action. His flagship should be a vessel very powerful for both attack and defense, but, above all, of very high speed, so as to enable him to change his place with facility at will. Instead of taking up a fixed place in the fleet, the admiral should assume, from time to time, such positions as would best enable him to direct operations, from the facilities they would offer for the proper interpretation of his signals.

It is not only the increased mobility of ships of war that has necessitated a change of tactics, but also the greater powers of destruction with which they are endowed. Powerful artillery has much lengthened the distance at which an engagement may begin, and new weapons entail other modes of attack. The ram and the locomotive torpedo are both likely to play an important part in naval battles of the future. To use such weapons effectually, however, maneuvering space is necessary for the ship, and freedom of action for the captain in command—two conditions that are incompatible with a close formation, or an order of battle depending upon a rigid observance of fixed rules. The march of invention has destroyed the homogeneity that existed before the days of iron-clads, when fighting craft were all broadside vessels, and only differed from one another in their size and the number and caliber of the guns they carried. A modern fleet would be made up of a variety of craft, every other one of which might represent a distinct type. It is obvious that a "Devastation" or a "Duilio" is not meant to fight under the same conditions as a "Sultan" or an "Alexandria," and the circumstances favorable for the attack of a "Polyphemus" are not those precisely suited to bring out the special qualities of either a turret ship or a broadside vessel. A wise admiral will recognize the distinct purpose for which each different type represented in the fleet under his orders was originally designed, and will dispose

of his ships accordingly. The broadside iron-clads, corresponding to the infantry of which the bulk of a modern army is composed, would form the line of battle, while the turret vessels and special rams would be treated like the flying artillery and heavy cavalry. Thrown out on the flanks of the sailing formation, or placed in the van, they might be employed to open the battle with their heavy guns, while the rest of the fleet was being rapidly formed into the order best suited to the occasion. The Whitehead torpedo is essentially the weapon of opportunity. It can only be regarded as a submarine rocket of short range, which, from the uncertainty of its flight, requires a wide target and an open field. Such being the case, torpedo craft should be considered as the light cavalry of the fleet, to do skirmishing duty, to attack the enemy's ships whenever they can be taken at a disadvantage, and to capture disabled vessels by threatening them with complete destruction. Many favorable opportunities must occur for the operations of torpedo-boats during a general engagement; as, for instance, immediately after the discharge of her broadside by a hostile vessel. The pigmy war-vessel, lurking under the off-side of the iron-clad attacked, can slip round the stern of her protector, and discharge her torpedo at the giant enemy ere the latter has had time to reload her guns. With a view to such action, I would have one or more torpedo-boats attached to each group. Their position would be in the rear of the leading vessel, in the angle formed by her consorts. The accompanying diagram will explain what is meant by the "group" as the tactical unit. *A* is the leader; *B* and *C*

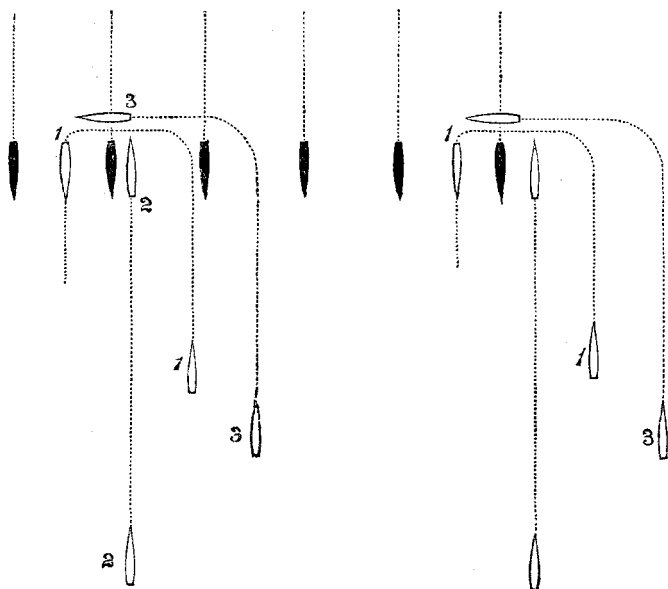


the consorts, placed at angles from the line of the keel, varying from $2\frac{1}{2}$ points to 4—the distance in one case being two cables, and in the other twice that amount. *T* is the torpedo-boat. These three ships, in a general movement of the fleet, maneuver as one, always preserving their respective bearings and distance. But the leader may change the positions of *B* and *C* at will, so that the

first indicated may become the ship farthest off, and *C* the one nearest at hand. It is seen at a glance that this is a much stronger

formation for attack and defense. When the ships are in line ahead, all of them can use their bow fire, and should a hostile vessel attempt to ram the one, she cannot help exposing herself most favorably to being attacked in a similar manner by one of the others.

As a general principle, a broad front should never be presented to the enemy, as the line might easily be broken, and serious loss be sustained by an attack in columns line ahead. The leading ships of the enemy, wheeling round as they pierced the line, could bring the overwhelming force of numbers to bear upon single ships. This idea I have endeavored to illustrate in the accompanying diagram, in which the dark vessels represent a fleet in line



abreast, and the white ones the enemy attacking it in two columns. The leading vessels of the group, on meeting the enemy's line, have turned sharp round through sixteen points, and ranged up on the broadsides of the ships that are to be surrounded. In the meantime, the right-wing ships, Nos. 3 of the diagram, have turned through eight points, and are under the sterns of the enemy, in a position for pouring in a raking fire, and the rear vessels have come up on the other flank. The concentrated fire of three broadsides is thus brought to bear upon one vessel.

The order of battle to be assumed will much depend upon the formation in which the enemy is found when first discovered by the lookout ships, and a point of the utmost importance is the quick transmission of intelligence respecting this to the commander-in-chief. With the high speed at present attained by iron-clads, little time will be allowed for maneuvering before the battle begins, so that any change of formation requiring a large amount of helm would lead to a fatal exposure of the vessels. A fleet in expectation of meeting an enemy should therefore never be placed in such a formation as will not readily admit of its assuming one with a narrow front. It is not in the present day as in the olden time, when the object of a skillful captain was to bring his broadside to bear as often as possible, with a view to a raking fire. Destructive as might be the effect of concentrated fire upon the bows of an enemy, the latter would always be in a position to give more than she received by simply charging ahead. It is to be presumed that opposing fleets will attack in formations of a similar character, probably in columns line ahead, composed either of single ships or groups as the tactical unit, and the course of battle will be somewhat as follows: Rushing toward each other at a high rate of speed, the bow-guns may be discharged before the leading ships have met, but those on the broadsides will be concentrated so as to deliver crushing blows upon the weakest parts of the hostile vessels as they go past. After the fleets have cleared each other, they will naturally endeavor to re-form as speedily as possible, for the purpose of making or repelling another attack. This will be the most critical stage of the battle, for now comes the moment for using the ram and the torpedo. Well will it be for the admiral having a reserve squadron at hand which is free to dash at the foe while the ships are yet in a state of confusion incidental to an extensive change of formation. Everything will depend upon the celerity with which the ships regain a formation enabling them to present a strong front to the enemy. The individual skill and judgment of the captains in command will be displayed in this maneuvering, and the fleet in which the greatest attention has been paid to intricate evolutions will undoubtedly obtain the advantage. For this reason, not only must each ship practise by herself, turning upon circles with various degrees of helm-angles and speed, so that those in command may know exactly what to do when the necessity arrives for moving about at close quarters, but they must

also exercise together at changes of formation while proceeding at rapid rates of speed. The same qualities that won the battles of old—perception of the intentions of the enemy, skill in handling the ship, cool courage, and a clear head in the moment of danger—will give to their possessors victory in the present day. The principle that I have already laid down for the formation of orders of battle—“never expose the flank to the bow of an enemy”—must govern, as far as possible, the movements of single ships. To this may be added another axiom: never swerve from the course, when the fleets are rushing toward each other, in order to avoid being rammed. When the danger is steadily faced, much of it disappears. The shock will be received at the strongest portion of the ship, and if the enemy, dreading the encounter at the last moment, should change her helm but slightly, there is the opportunity to give her the ram with effect.

Just as with armies, a plan of battle must be drawn up beforehand. The commander-in-chief of a fleet must arrange with his captains for a certain course of action to be followed under certain circumstances; as, for instance, after the first charge, supposing the enemy's formation to have been pierced by the fleet in two columns in close order, the latter is to re-form for the purpose of charging again in the same manner, by the one column wheeling round to the right and the other to the left. Such plans, providing for more or less continuous action, should be numbered, so that by the hoisting of a single flag, or other means equally simple, the intentions of the commander-in-chief may be known at once throughout the fleet. I take it that, although two successive charges in good order might possibly take place between opposing fleets, there will be no third general charge; and probably the result of the first one will be to throw both into confusion, and the subsequent portion of the battle will be fought out by the independent action of the several units of which the fleets are composed. This will be the opportunity for the group commanders to distinguish themselves. By judicious management of the vessels under their command, they may be able to surround single ships, and compel them to surrender. The enemy's torpedo-boats will have to be looked after by vessels the specialty of which must be high speed and a multiplicity of machine guns in their armament. The commanders of such vessels must be allowed great independence of action, their duty being to destroy the enemy's torpedo-boats while protecting those of their own fleet.

So far I have treated, it may be said, of naval tactics only. Apart from this there is naval strategy, which will consist in deceiving the enemy as to the intended movements of the fleet, the drawing of his vessels out of protecting ports, and the cutting off of his cruisers from coaling stations. Very much might be written upon this subject, but such matters do not properly enter into a discussion limited to the movements of a fleet in the presence of an enemy. The same may be said in respect to measures of defense adopted against torpedo-boats, and plans of operation for the passage of channels in the possession of hostile troops. I may remark, however, that in respect to naval strategy, the admiral in command of a fleet must be provided with a number of very fast, light cruisers, able to carry coal sufficient to enable them to keep the sea for days together. Such craft, armed with a few long-range guns, must possess speed enough to enable them to outrun any iron-clad of the enemy, and to show themselves when necessary, one day in one quarter, and the next several hundred miles away. To continue the comparison between fleets at sea and armies ashore, these craft would be the Uhlans, charged with the duty of exploration and masking intended movements.

In respect to defensive measures against torpedoes, the reader will notice that I have not touched upon the subject of netting. The reason for this is that, in my humble opinion, no ship will ever carry nets into action. Such cumbersome arrangements would prove, in the end, more dangerous to the vessel carrying them than the weapons against which they were designed to protect her. As to the stationary mines of the enemy, no hostile waters should be approached without some knowledge of their condition, and when there is reason to believe in the existence of a submarine defense, measures must be adopted for its destruction previous to an advance of the fleet.

A great deal of torpedo work is nothing but hollow sham, and experts with a knowledge of the physical features of the localities can easily control the reports received from secret agents on the subject of their submarine defenses. There are many places where no sort of stationary mines could possibly survive a gale, and although the waters may be reported as mined in all directions, a bold test would show them to be clear of such dangers. This was the case with Poti and several other open ports of the Russian Black Sea coast during the late war between Russia and Turkey.

They were said to have been extensively torpedoed, and yet Turkish iron-clads entered their waters with impunity on more than one occasion. In places undefended by batteries or field guns, the enemy's obstructions may be removed by processes known to seamen as "sweeping and creeping," with boats and small craft. But where the searching parties would be greatly exposed to heavy fire from the shore, there is nothing to be done but countermine. The defending torpedoes must be destroyed by the explosion of others placed by the attacking force. The advance of the fleet is made, in fact, in a manner similar to that of an invading army upon the city to which it has laid siege. Here is a fine field for the controllable locomotive torpedo. Sent ahead with two or more other ordinary torpedoes in tow, their simultaneous explosion would clear a large space around, either by setting them in action or disarranging their firing gear. In my opinion, torpedoes that can be sent in any direction to considerable distances, and exploded at will, are destined to play a more important part in naval operations than even the much vaunted Whitehead.

WOODS PASHA.

GRANT'S MEMORIAL: WHAT SHALL IT BE?

A MONUMENT over the ashes of a great man implies something very different from a memorial statue or column erected in a public place to perpetuate his name. Wellington rests in a sarcophagus in St. Paul's, while there are no less than five statues in his honor in different parts of London. Nelson's body is also placed in a sarcophagus under the dome of St. Paul's, but the Nelson Column is in Trafalgar Square. The Prince Consort reposes at Frogmore: the Albert Memorial, an elaborate shrine, with a seated statue, and a richly decorated spire rising from a sculptured terrace, is at Kensington. Napoleon sleeps in a sarcophagus of porphyry, under the stately dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, but the column which commemorates his victories stands in the Place Vendôme. The body of *Il re Galantuomo* is laid in the Pantheon at Rome; his memorial monument rises in a public square of the capital, while his statue is in every city of Italy. These are a few among numerous examples.

As the monument under consideration is to be National, and to serve the double purpose of honoring the hero's memory and protecting his mortal part for future ages, I would suggest a mausoleum, of Roman or Grecian Doric architecture, solid and simple, crowned with a dome, surmounted by an allegorical statue.

Allowing a sarcophagus, it should be massive, and simple in design, of the most durable material, and should be placed in a crypt, open and visible from the floor of the mortuary temple, so that the spectator may look down upon it; being, as it were, below the surface of the earth, and yet exposed in such manner that a wreath of immortelles may always be laid upon it.

It is hardly necessary to add that while the general design should be simple, no materials should enter into its construction or decorations except stone and bronze. The two entrances might be

impressively guarded by colossal figures, representing the North, South, East, and West.

I would further suggest that an equestrian statue of the hero be placed on a green sward, circular in shape, at a proper distance from the west front (supposing the mausoleum to face east and west), the statue looking west, on a pedestal of such height that the features could easily be recognized or discerned.

These suggestions, although given on the spur of the moment, and only in broad generalizations, represent my convictions on the subject.

LAUNT THOMPSON.

THIS monument is to be raised in honor of an individual man, a successful leader of our armies, to whom we all feel grateful, and who can no longer be seen or known by those who are living in the world from which he has departed. The first thought under such circumstances should be to do honor to his memory by erecting a strictly truthful portrait statue, in bronze or marble, that can be easily and closely scanned by every man and woman and child. Having secured this sculptor's masterpiece, the second thought would naturally be to place it in a shrine that, by its artistic value, should satisfy the taste and feeling of every beholder. I believe, therefore, that, wherever erected, the Grant Memorial ought to have a noble interior as well as a grand exterior; that it should be designed to admit of decoration with paintings and with stained glass, and also give an opportunity for the use of bronzes and other metals admitting of artistic treatment.

The Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile in Paris is, I consider, a splendid example of an unsatisfactory monumental conception, carried out on a grand scale, but having a somewhat meaningless appearance. The beautiful skyline of the Dôme des Invalides seems, on the other hand, to be always welcome, and one feels that here is a monumental form that is beyond criticism. A common type that should be avoided is a column with the statue on the top, such as the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square; and even the justly celebrated Albert Memorial is open to the objection that its central statue is not near enough to the eye to be closely studied as a portrait. The Tower of St. Jacques in Paris seems to me to be one of the most successful architectural mementos of a lofty character

that has ever been erected, and yet it may be said to be almost the result of an accident. It belonged to a church which had to be pulled down, as a part of the Haussmann street improvements, and this exquisitely conceived Gothic tower was therefore re-dedicated to the honor of the philosopher Pascal, and left, with a newly designed lower story, to be a joy forever in the middle of one of the smaller city gardens that was specially arranged to receive it.

I give my opinions, or rather my impressions, on the subject thus freely, not because I think they should be controlling, but because their expression in this unqualified way leads me directly to the main purpose I have in view, which is to point out the necessity for securing, and, indeed, almost compelling, from the outset, the effective co-operation of the representative architects of the country. My individual views may be sound or unsound, but no one will deny that there are views that ought to be controlling, and that the right to state them should be reserved for those who have already proved by their works their capacity as designers. The preliminaries should undoubtedly be arranged by a committee of thoroughly trained architects, who would certainly have a clear conception of the difficulties to be surmounted, and at the same time would have the ability to show that the design for the Grant Memorial, being essentially an architectural conception, could be most properly formulated, in the interest of the public, under the direct guidance of architects. I will not attempt to foreshadow what methods of procedure the committee would initiate, or what form this art work would eventually assume under these circumstances; but it is evident that the result must be in some sense an illustration of the law of the survival of the fittest, and there is every reason to believe that it would prove to be a conspicuous example of the artistic advantage to be derived from adopting, at the outset, a gravely considered course in the attempt to arrive at a successful solution of this very interesting architectural problem.

CALVERT VAUX.

A LOVED and honored son of the nation has gone out from among us, to live henceforth in history and in the hearts of the people, and a grateful country now would build to his memory a monument worthy his great name. There is no doubt but the nation at large will pour out from its abundance ample means to

erect a structure adequate for the purpose ; will be only too glad to provide all that is necessary, if assured of a satisfactory result —if convinced that what is done will be the most acceptable their money could procure or the artistic ability of the nation produce —something which should be the glory of the age that erected it, and continue the pride of ages to come ! This monument should be replete in all its parts, though not crowded or overdone ; should be full of meaning in every line and form from base to apex ; it should be simple, though full ; pure, grand, unique, though not strained, and indigenous to the soil. In short, it should be an epitome of the simply great character it commemorates, as well as the conditions and peculiarities of the country and institutions of which our hero was the outgrowth.

All this is possible to attain, *though easy to miss* ! If individual conceit, vanity, and crude notions are allowed to prevail ; if cunning, sordid, plausible self-interest of incompetent persons is permitted, through deceit or adroit flattery, to gain possession of the minds of those having the matter in charge, the result is obvious, for it has so often been exemplified with our well-meaning, unthinking, and, I may add, unknowing countrymen, who so frequently find their mistake when too late and beyond remedy, and know no security against future imposition.

As the coming of the great Captain from the people, to win for them the inestimable blessing of continued nationality, marks an epoch in the country's history, the sad occasion of his taking up his final march, the ending of his earthly career, seems to me one that should be improved to fix an epoch in American art—a most fitting time to give the nation its first (single statues excepted) great monument. As I have already said, it is easy to miscarry in this ; it is also possible to secure the desired end. I have pointed out, briefly, some of the causes of easy failure ; I will more explicitly present my theory, which seems to me would, if put in practice, result in complete success, and give this country something to point to with a degree of pride it could never before indulge. Something entirely its own, and of such interest as to induce sight-seers—travelers—to pause, or turn in their journey and make a pilgrimage to this national shrine. Each subscriber probably believes that some artist of his acquaintance could produce something of value enough to add merit to this work, and his confidence in the sincerity and earnestness of the enterprise would be strengthened

to know that his favorite, with the rest, was to be given an opportunity of making himself heard. Let every man who believes he has a valuable idea, express it. Let every able man who has that which would be of importance, contribute it. Let there be a systematic plan devised to secure every valuable thought, come from whom or where it may. No one person has every requisite for such a work; no one mind may furnish all the thought; no single skull carries all the artistic brains! Each may have some attribute peculiar to itself, so let great and small be given opportunity to express their thoughts, and from this mass of material let the most gifted and experienced select. Much, of course, would be worthless, and some good material would have to be rejected, because of its inadaptability, but there would most likely be precious bits that the greatest genius would not otherwise have found. No satisfactory results are often obtained by an open competition. Men of established reputations are loath to enter the lists with incompetent or untried aspirants; naturally they are jealous of their hard-earned positions, which they are not willing to submit to the damaging treatment of an unlearned committee, who, though honest and well-meaning themselves, are still almost certain to be unconsciously drawn into the services of adroit, unscrupulous charlatans, through corrupted influences. There might be a competition limited to a few, selected from the ranks of established artists, to be paid for their designs, and the chosen one submitted to the whole body for criticisms, suggestions, etc., the designer, of course, being the judge as to what should and what should not enter into the work. Or better still, perhaps, the work might be given into the hands of two, possibly three, persons of divergent qualities, the one having what the other lacked; the powers of one supplementing those of the other. These would act in unison, and the combined acquirements, natural taste, and judgment of both, still corrected and refined by the advice, criticisms, etc., of the entire body of artists, it would seem to me could not fail to produce a work worthy of the country and its art, and worthy of the hero whose virtues it was made to commemorate. This system of criticism is usually practiced by most artists to a lesser degree. When a great work is in progress, his studio is visited by his peers, either through their own interest or by invitation, and every capable visitor is asked for an opinion, criticism, or suggestions, and often the work is materially

changed through these contributions, and the recipient always ready to do a like service in turn.

W. H. BEARD.

THE death of General Grant, the greatest man of our century, is not America's loss only: it is an international bereavement. The memorial to be erected to his honor, therefore, should be so comprehensive in its conception as to admit of being so international in its execution that it would provide for the reception of art contributions from the governments of every civilized nation. As America is the greatest of modern nations, to be a truly national memorial, it should excel in grandeur any existing monument. To be representative of the man, its design should be like his character—it should be distinguished for its simplicity and grandeur.

Grant was a soldier and a conqueror; but he was also the ruler of a united people, and his famous utterance, "Let us have peace," was the key-note of his political administration and the inspiration of his civic life. A monument to him, therefore, although, to be truthful, it *must* represent him as a military victor, should contain no suggestion in its groups or its tableaux or its bas-reliefs that he ever gained a battle in which the defeated army was composed of his countrymen in rebellion.

The basis of the conception of the proposed memorial to Grant of course must be his life—his achievements. Shall it be a single figure? That is a portrait only—it tells no story, or never more than a single moment of a life. Shall it be an equestrian figure? The tradition of art interprets such a statue to signify a prince or soldier. But it can tell nothing more. Now, Grant's life was complex, full of great incidents worthy of enduring remembrance, and his career was crowded with his inspirations of the great acts of other great men. An adequate plan of a monument, therefore, should provide for the enduring commemoration of many events in which other great soldiers and great civilians took part. It should also immortalize the heroism of the common people from whom Grant sprang—as best typified by the common soldier.

As no one moment of time, therefore, could tell to the future the story of Grant's life, we should erect to his memory the grandest mausoleum or temple of modern times.

Let it be the combined work of our greatest architects, sculp-

tors, and painters. Let architectural grandeur, statuary, bas-reliefs, and frescoes, illustrative of his life, tell the story of his grand career to future generations. Let the memorial be worthy of the man, the nation, and American art, equally and alike.

KARL GERHARDT.

It has been found extremely difficult for any nation to have a better quality of monumental art than it is capable of appreciating. The stream will not rise higher than its source, except by a sort of forcing process, of which the phenomenal results are apt to be betrayed by their expression of conscious effort. If they are not natural to the soil, they are either pedantic or are wanting in that inestimable quality of repose and reserved force which is essential to a work of monumental art.

The patriotic sentiment which in our own country has, in every town, compelled the erection of monuments commemorative of the citizen-soldiers who fell in defense of the Union in the civil war is every way commendable and beautiful. It could only arise among a free people intelligent enough to comprehend the name of our political institutions. But, from the point of view of art, it must be admitted that the results of this ebullition are not flattering to our civilization. Among these votive piles, erected thus from a very noble sense of duty, there are very few indeed which are not poor in conception and illiterate in execution. We hardly know where among them to look for a work of positive inspiration, developed with force, poetic feeling, and a just appreciation of the nature of detail. No nation ever had such an opportunity for pure artistic expression, and, we are constrained to say, none could have so misused it.

This failure is to be attributed not so much to the absence of available and competent architectural or artistic advice as to the fact that the committees of citizens, to whom has been intrusted the privilege of giving expression to this exalted sentiment, have either not possessed intelligence enough to summon and rely upon such advice, or have preferred to depend upon their own uninstructed notions of the manner in which the emergency should be met. Trained intelligences have had but little opportunity to study and develop the difficult problem of a soldier's monument.

Who has not observed how dumb and cold these granite shafts

stand upon our town inclosures and village greens, how destitute of any quality to excite emotion or even interest, how bald in expression, how illiterate in detail, how capricious in proportion, how poor in invention, how commonplace, and yet how prodigal! A monumental memorial, however simple, to be a work of art, should be as absolute in proportion as a column of the Parthenon or as the Choragic monument of Lysicrates; but the conventional soldiers' monument of America may have a cubic added to or taken from its stature without loss of any essential artistic quality. They exhibit a vain endeavor to astonish the beholder with new things. They are for the most part the conceptions of untaught stone-cutters derived from a narrow range of conventional graveyard types. Their best inspiration has been the ambition, by the addition of some arbitrary caprice of architectural detail or emblem, to better the production of the stone-cutters who raised the attenuated shaft, crowned with its soldier-at-rest, in the neighboring town.

The type of native monumental form which has been gradually evolved out of these unfavorable conditions is not difficult to describe. A similiar type does not exist elsewhere in the world; it is distinctively American. If the process of development from monument to monument in successive examples had not been constantly disturbed by formidable eruptions of individual caprice, this national type would have had the precious quality of genuineness; it would have deserved and obtained the respect of the artistic mind as containing the elements of a true indigenous art, from which, in competent hands, we might finally have evolved beautiful forms.

General Grant was as distinctively American as Lincoln. Our monument to his memory should be American. But is it possible for us to use in this monument these improvised elements of form with fitting and adequate results? This indigenous art, if it may be so called, is not without its virtues: the material is perfect; the mechanic has, in a workmanlike, practical manner, understood what could be done with it; he has not forced it beyond its natural capacity; he has carried out his crude conceptions with almost too great perfection and smoothness of execution; he has learned how to contrast polished and unpolished surfaces, how to carve them with a certain mechanical precision. These practical advantages are available to us, and, in skillful hands, they may be so combined

and directed as to produce a monument not without a certain character of nationality, and adequate to the occasion. The great monoliths of our granite quarries, the peculiar aptitude of our craftsmen, may be so used as to produce a work fit and proper to be raised before the world in such a cause—a work, we hope, not so far removed from the suggestions of our previous and humbler attempts that it may not be recognized in some sense as the product of a national evolution of monumental form.

It is well for us to remember, however, that even in the old world, among the rich and abounding traditions of ancient art, and with the wealth of civilizations grown old and great with experience and culture, examples of signal success in purely monumental art are rare indeed. We may expect to find them literate and correct always. Their natural error is in the direction not of vulgarity but of sophistication. They refine and build upon venerable and accepted types so that they rarely offend even the most cultivated eye, but they rarely rise above the conventional—we had almost said the commonplace. Art in the old world is handicapped more or less by its own perfection. Its greatest successes are the products of commanding genius working upon the restricted lines of accepted and well-defined national styles.

Thus Rauch's monument of Frederick the Great at Berlin is correct renaissance; it is an equestrian colossus raised high upon two dies, of which, in each, the four faces are covered with paneled bas-reliefs, and around the lower die, upon an elevated stylobate, are grouped four equestrian figures on the corners, and between them twenty figures on foot, all colossal; the general expression is triumphant, and the artist, with incomparable success, has made all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war subservient to the apotheosis of a great king. As a purely military monument this seems to have no equal.

Kranner's lofty monumental fountain at Prague in memory of the Kaiser Francis I. is in pure German Gothic. It is a florid spire enriched with pinnacles, peopled with eight symbolic figures under rich canopies, and around the base, upon detached pedestals, are sixteen figures typical of the reign. The armed monarch himself upon horseback rides through a triumphal arch about midway of the shaft. It is one of the richest and most poetical conceptions of modern times.

Von Klenze's architectural Ruhmeshalle at Munich is Greek :

a columnar temple with two wings around three sides of a square, and in the center the colossal bronze figure of Bavaria. It is a learned and exotic composition, and fairly typifies the pedantry of the reign.

Chelgoïn's Arc de l'Étoile at Paris is Greco-Roman, following imperial types of form. It is a monument of French military vanity, and all the resources of contemporary art were combined to decorate its enormous properties.

Julio Lombardi's tomb of the Doge Andrua Vendramin at Venice is of the most luxurious and delicate Italian renaissance. Michael Angelo's tomb of Lorenzo de Medici at Florence is debased Roman. Wren's monumental column at London Bridge is also correct Roman, with no touch of imagination beyond the cold perfection of the style.

The monument to Scott at Edinburgh is Scotch Gothic—a bastard style but ill-understood in this composition. Yet the result, with its wealth of illustrative sculpture, is romantic in the extreme, and the common voice pronounces it one of the very few successful memorials in Great Britain. On the whole, the mind of the Great Romancer could not have received a more adequate portrayal in art.

Sir Gilbert Scott's monument of Prince Albert in London is correct Italian Gothic, but, with all its wealth of column material and sculpture, it is an artistic quotation. It is not English, but it is rich and splendid. Perhaps the somewhat cosmopolitan attitude of the prince in his life, and his conspicuous service to modern art in England, demanded some such expression in his monument; but London fogs and London dirt seem to be incompatible with this exuberance of exotic Gothic detail.

These may be accepted as typical examples of the best modern European work in monumental art. But it is only in the Berlin type that we can discover anything approximating to a form of memorial which would seem adequate to our present purposes, and even this is an imperial structure which we could not imitate in a monument to the greatest soldier of the Republic without offense to the directness and simplicity of his character. To import Gothic romance or Italian renaissance for this service would be still more incongruous and grotesque.

Although Grant was essentially an American, as we have said, in grain and tissue, in flower and fruit, it would not be just to

his memory to attempt in this memorial the American process of form-building without regard to the great European precedents. We must consider the simplicity of his personal character, as well as the fullness and national importance of his public career. Let us, therefore, in this concrete expression of national sentiment, be simple, like him, but let the scale of our effort be commensurate with our dignity as a nation; let its beauty and fullness of expression comport with the finest sense of gratitude for his services, and the most complete recognition of the continental magnitude of their results.

It may be said that these are but glittering generalities, when specific statements are required. No true artist, we would reply, would commit himself to the egression of opinion in favor of any especial form of memorial in this emergency without far more study than it has been possible as yet to bestow upon the subject. We can only risk these statements: the monument should be simple and not complex; it should be great in size, and lofty; it should be adjusted carefully to the conditions of site; it should be approachable, and not surrounded by a boundary fence; by statues and bas-reliefs and inscriptions it should tell the story of this great public life in language which all may read; by its refinements of detail, its justness of proportion, its careful balance of constructional idiom, its suggestions of poetic fitness, it should inspire and excite the beholder; predominant, the figure of our general should appear equipped for war upon his horse, exact in portraiture, without theatrical display, colossal, so that the true personality shall be made familiar in its best estate to our posterity.

These attributes may be accepted as essential to our monument, and under such conditions an infinite variety of artistic invention is possible. How the best capacities of the nation may be made available in an honorable competition of designs and models is in reality by far the most essential point to be considered at this stage. To attempt to preoccupy the public mind with this or that idea as to the monumental form most appropriate to the occasion would be, in our judgment, unwise, and would defeat its own ends.

A long and arduous experience in architectural competitions and a close observation of all their phenomena have convinced us that absolute justice is rather more unattainable in this than in almost

all other departments of human experience. But some of their more palpable errors might be avoided in the inevitable competition of designs which we shall have presently to face, by the strict observance of these conditions, which are earnestly commended to the careful consideration of the authorities.

The committee on building the monument should not be so large that its members should lose their sense of personal responsibility ; a majority of the members should be carefully chosen from the profession of architecture—a profession trained in the study of monumental forms and in the application of sculpture to monumental purposes.

This committee should prepare with great care a programme of requirements ; in respect to the design, they should specify all the elements essential to be considered, but should not overload their programme with unnecessary restrictions.

A limited number of the best architects in the country should be invited to ally themselves each with an eminent sculptor in the production of competitive models. These competitors should be liberally paid for their advice so given. The field should also be open to voluntary competitors throughout the country and abroad.

The erection of the monument should be entrusted to the competitor, whether paid or unpaid, whose design, coming within the requirements of the programme, shall best commend itself to the committee.

This proposition presents in rough outline nearly all the conditions essential to the obtaining of a series of projects for a national monument worthy of our civilization. The most capable and best trained minds in the nation would under such circumstances feel it an honor to devote their best energies to the cause. They would be repelled by propositions less cognizant of the dignity of art.

HENRY VAN BRUNT.

THE monument to General Grant should be a grand mausoleum, imposing from its simplicity rather than its elaboration ; distinguished for its fine proportion and form, and pure in style, however severe. It should have an interior rich and impressive, the central object of which might be a massive and highly wrought sarcophagus of beautiful and enduring stone. This interior should be accessible to the public at all or at stated times. Near the monu-

ment, but not as part of it, should be placed statues of generals, naval commanders and others, identified with General Grant during the war. These statues, not being a part of the monument proper, could be added at different times, if necessary.

This seems to me to be the kind of monument needed. Yet the particular style and design requires a great deal of thought and study. It would be difficult, of course, to procure an adequate plan; but it is certain that a good result never will be attained unless the matter is left, to some extent, to those who are accustomed to the study and contemplation of fine monuments and objects of art throughout the world.

I think the country demands and will appreciate sincere artistic effort in this matter.

OLIN L. WARNER.

THERE is no surer or safer standard by which to judge the status of nations in the scale of civilization than by their proficiency in the fine arts.

The proposed monument, therefore, is likely to be simply an expression of the public taste of our present civilization. It should be, however, far in advance of the general public on the subject of monumental architecture and memorial sculpture.

The death of our greatest soldier has given the people of the present generation an opportunity to build a grand monument: we have the wealth, the subject, and the location, but it remains to be seen whether we have the taste, genius, and ability. There are other obstacles besides these—the factors of prejudice, avarice, politics, and competition have always been impediments in the way of such an undertaking.

The question is, What kind of a memorial or monument shall be erected to the life, services, and memory of General Grant? The first problem in this enterprise is the raising of a sufficient sum of money, next the design, and lastly the men to do it. It will require not less than ten hundred thousand dollars to erect such a monument as is now demanded—one worthy of the age, the people of New York, and of the nation.

The great monuments of the world are before us, from the Pyramids and temples of the Nile to the matchless Obelisk on the banks of the Potomac. We can contemplate them all. The

incomparable temples of Greece, whose perfect proportions and peerless beauty have been the admiration of the world for more than twenty centuries; the Arch of Titus, that pure example of all romanesque monumental architecture; the monuments by Michael Angelo; those by Canova; the equestrian statue and monument to Frederick the Great at Berlin; the Column Vendôme in Paris; the German monument on the Rhine, in commemoration of victories of Germany in France; the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square; the Scott Monument at Edinburgh; and lastly, the most costly, elaborate, ornate monument in Europe, that to the late Prince Albert in London, are some of the most important examples. All these grand works, and many more, may be critically examined and studied.

Shall we draw upon these great works of the past centuries, and upon the experience of older nations, or shall we invent some new style or character of monument which shall be germane to our present civilization and environments; or shall we go back to old Greece, and draw from that pure and ancient fountain of art, as we have drawn upon her for our models of morals, philosophy, and literature? These are questions which force themselves upon us, and well they may, in view of the important work we have before us.

Take the Parthenon or Temple of Diana for our model of the building, which would at once be tomb, shrine, memorial, and monument. Its size and dimensions could be governed by the amount of funds contributed. The Parthenon is the flower of a thousand years of Greek culture—it is simply perfection. Time, the elements, and the barbarian, all have for centuries crumbled its entablatures, destroyed its columns, and torn down its freizes, and although it is but “the ghost of the god-like thing it was of yore,” it still leaves upon the mind of the spectator a fadeless vision of beauty. If such a monument should be erected in the place selected for General Grant’s memorial, its beautiful proportions and imposing appearance would lend an additional charm to the lofty and picturesque banks of the river, made classic by the inimitable pen of Irving, the poems of Poe, Drake and Halleck. With the imperishable history of the Revolution, and its immortal associations, it would make a monument more impressive, more appropriate, and more durable than any column or pile of masonry that could be reared, though it reached the clouds.

We can but faintly imagine the impression such a structure would produce—say one hundred feet in height, which would make the elevation two hundred and thirty feet from the river to apex of the temple. On either side there would be twelve monolithic columns, and eight at each end of the building. The buttresses at the ends of the steps, say sixteen feet in height from the ground, would provide places for four colossal groups in bronze representing War, Peace, Victory, and Fame. On the cornice inside of the building, figures, life-size, in alto and bas-reliefs, illustrating the life of General Grant, in marble, with dark polished granite composing the inside structure, pilasters at proper distances, and ornamented panels between. On the outside, the frieze could be used to illustrate the history and progress of the United States. In the pediment or gable facing the river could be placed the "Landing of Hendrick Hudson." In the eastern pediment the "Landing of the Pilgrims"—colossal groups in bronze. The floor in the center could be sunk to the depth of ten feet; in this the sarcophagus containing the body of General Grant would be placed, the whole resting upon an appropriately constructed elevation. Around this sunken part would be heavy granite railing. The outside of the building composed of the very lightest shade of granite would give the whole structure the appearance of white marble.

The roof would be partially constructed of bronze frames, with heavy ground glass for light and ventilation.

Nothing but granite, glass and bronze should enter into the construction of the work—these are practically indestructible. No queer, grotesque, or eccentric stuff should be admitted, no matter by whom proposed; no hybridous architecture or nondescript figures, or shapes intended to catch the eye and excite the applause of the vulgar. Everything should be left out and avoided except that which would give dignity, beauty, grandeur, and indestructibility to the work.

It is very seldom that such an occasion occurs, in the life of a nation, as that now presented. This generation has the rare opportunity to build a monument to the memory of one of the world's greatest captains, and at the same time to demonstrate that Americans can erect a monument equal if not superior to any of ancient or modern times.

WILSON McDONALD.

So many unfortunate monuments—monuments at once ugly and inappropriate—have been erected to the memory of public men in this country, that it is not possible to hear without apprehension of a project for repeating the experiment in the case of General Grant, especially when we consider the proposed size and cost of the memorial.

Who can think without displeasure amounting to disgust of the statues of Bolivar, Scott, Burns, Halleck, Morse, and Webster in the Central Park, of the Washington in Wall Street, and of the statues of Hamilton, Franklin, Webster, Mann, Everett, Sumner, and Lincoln in Boston, not to speak of the many bad works that disgrace the National Capital? And who that has learned anything of the way in which these schemes are in many cases set on foot, and of the spirit of jobbery in which they are too often carried out, but must fear lest the present enterprise may share the fate of its predecessors?

There are evidences, however, that our people are outgrowing their insensibility to the actual state of things, and that common-sense and improving taste are working together to bring on a better day. Our education in the matter has not gone far, it is true, since it has only brought us to the point of ignominiously dragging down and breaking to pieces one monument, and of wishing that the same fate might befall the rest. Yet who, a year ago, would have believed that what has been done in the case of the statue of the late General Custer could be brought about by any influence, social, artistic, or political? It is by mistakes that we learn; and let us hope that the blunders we have thus far committed may have done something to teach us caution in the case of the proposed monument to General Grant.

Taking it as a point decided that the memorial is to be erected at Riverside Park, and on the spot where the receiving tomb is built, it seems to me that the monument should be distinctly architectural in its design; and I would suggest a lofty tower rising in stages to a height equal at least to that of Trinity, and serving as a canopy to a statue of the hero. This tower should be a building of Roman simplicity, four square, round arched, depending for its effect upon its height, its proportions, and the harmonious relations to each other of its successive stages.

The height and size of the monument would make it plainly seen and an impressive object when viewed from the river. Grand-

eur of outline ought to be more studied than a softer grace ; and the indomitable will, the large heart, and the unadorned manners of the dead should be written in imperishable lines of fortified strength far seen against the sky.

But the monument should not serve merely as a beacon to catch the eye leagues away, it must have an attraction for those who visit it close at hand. To meet this, a finer art should be called in, and hence the statue of bronze on its pedestal, seen on all sides through the buttressed arches of marble that uphold the tower, standing under a vaulted dome, where the art of the mosaic worker shall portray in symbol sombre-rich in hue the virtues that made the life of Grant what it was.

A tower of the size proposed would easily admit of stairs in the buttressed angles by which the building could be ascended, and the main floor would give an area large enough to enable visitors to walk about the statue and survey it from all sides. But nothing should be added to the monument in the way of decoration beyond what has been suggested, and it may be that, to some persons, even the proposed mosaics on the roof of the vault would detract from the dignity of the impression. Still, the need is always felt in such memorials of something serving as an interpreter between the work of the artist and the spectator, and these four symbolic figures, Endurance, Self-Restraint, Strength, and Magnanimity, depicted by that art which Michelangelo called "painting for eternity," would speak to the forming heart of youth most eloquently through the eye.

The military career of General Grant being safe in the hands of history, there ought not to appear upon his monument the name of any battle of our Civil War. The great end accomplished by his splendid services was not victory over a foe, but reconciliation between brothers. His monument ought only to speak of those civic virtues which are the source of his true fame : Love of Country, Unselfish Sacrifice to Duty, Freedom from Ambition. When all his mistakes of statesmanship shall be forgotten, and all the clouds that shadowed his latest days dispersed, these public virtues ascribed to him alike by friend and foe, and those private virtues that so deservedly endeared him to the great, right-feeling heart of the people, will shine far above the victories of the battle-field. The harvest of brotherhood, of union, of the common good was reaped for us by Grant : his battles were nothing but the clumsy

engineering by which his noble work of reconciliation was accomplished.

The union of architecture with sculpture proposed in this suggestion for a monument seems to me of vital importance. One of the reasons why the sculpture of to-day, even the best of it, has so futile an air—seems to most people so alien from their life—is that it was never meant for sculpture to be separated from building: sculpture is the highest ornament, the flower of building, and all the antique sculpture, as well as all the sculpture of the mediæval time, was designed to be an essential element of the architecture with which it was associated. The idea of statues, equestrian, seated, standing, stuck up as we see them in our cities, in the open and on isolated pedestals, would have seemed absurd to a Greek and even to the Romans in their good time. Statues never look so well as when their lines and masses are mingled and harmonized with the lines and masses of building. Even a poor building may be made endurable by sculpture, and our public statues, even the worst of them, would look better than they do if they were placed in niches or under the arches of an arcade, or on the front of some public building. The statue of Walter Scott in the Central Park is a very bad statue, but it does not look like such an insult to the poet as it seems to us, when seen half covered up in the Gothic canopy that shelters it in Edinburgh. And it would be an important point gained for the monumental art so much in favor in this country, and growing every year in importance, if in the Grant Memorial we could see for the first time on this soil a noble piece of architecture intimately, essentially associated with a noble piece of sculpture, and the whole consecrated to the commemoration of a character of enduring worth.

CLARENCE COOK.

COMMENTS.

MR. EDITOR: I have been interested in Gail Hamilton's arraignment of the Prohibitionists in a recent issue of the REVIEW. As a good hater and a good fighter she appears at her best. Her words are shot and shell, and her pages are illuminated by the lightning of her scorn. I rarely agree with her in opinion, but am always fascinated by her shining ways. Her raid on the poor Prohibitionists is merciless. She pursues them through every line of escape, and into every possible refuge, while exultingly parading the scalps which dangle at her belt. As I am not a member of the Prohibition Party, I have no motive to enter the lists as its defender. I only desire to notice some of her surprising statements touching the facts of anti-slavery history. She says the Liberty Party "threw away its votes," or "very soon stopped throwing them anywhere, and disbanded." In this statement she "shows the danger of slight knowledge." Abolitionism, as a working force in politics, had to have a beginning. It belonged to the inevitable logic of a great and dominating idea. If the Liberty Party of 1840 and 1844 "disbanded," it was only to merge itself in a larger movement begotten by itself, committed to the same principles, and better fitted to secure their triumph. As the child is father to the man, so the little party which blazed the way for the armies which followed was the prophecy and parent of the larger movement which rallied under Fremont in 1856, elected Lincoln in 1860, and played its grand part in saving the nation from destruction by the armed insurgents whom it had vanquished at the ballot-box. I am sorry to find Gail Hamilton denying the well-known facts of history, and disowning the ancestry of the party she so idolizes. She says, "the candidacy of Mr. Birney defeated Mr. Clay, and elected Mr. Polk, and thus brought about the Mexican War;" and she holds the Abolitionists responsible for the acquisition of territory, the growing domination of slavery, and the civil war which followed. Nothing could be more remarkable than this sort of rhetoric. Intelligent men of all parties have long since abandoned the ridiculous story that Birney defeated Clay. The anti-slavery voters of 1844 were seceders from both the old parties, and if the Liberty Party had disbanded, or had not been formed, the result of the election would have been the same. Clay was defeated by his own vacillating course on the slavery question, by the Kane letter of Mr. Polk on the tariff, by the Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana, and other causes; while the annexation of Texas occurred under Tyler's ad-

ministration, and would certainly have happened in any event. The sole offense of the Liberty Party was the espousal of the truth in advance of the multitude, which finally followed in its footsteps. If Gail Hamilton had insisted that Washington and his Revolutionary associates were responsible for the Stamp act and the War of Independence, her success would not have been more brilliant as the writer of first-rate nonsense. GEO. W. JULIAN.

MR. EDITOR: By an unfortunate mistake, not originally mine, and certainly not yours, I am made to say in the August number of the REVIEW that a wineglassful or more of the 1 to 500 solution of corrosive sublimate could be taken with impunity; and that in language which may easily lead to a free and dangerous use of this potent medicine.

I would have detected this error instantly in the proof-sheets except for a combination of causes, the principal one of which was relying too confidently upon the directions given by several careful and competent authorities for the preparation of the 1 to 500 solution in smaller quantities than 500 pounds.

We are told to put two grains in a large quart of water.

The words are: "In making up smaller quantities it will be well to remember that the amount of corrosive sublimate required to make a 1 to 500 solution is two (2) grains to the litre" (a French quart).

These authorities I knew to be so familiar with French weights and measures, as well as our own, that I did not suspect at first that they had made the typographical error of substituting the word GRAINS for *grams*. This mistake used to be met with very frequently some years ago, especially when the spelling of *grammes* was first dangerously shortened to *grams*. But French weights and measures have so long been household words among us that we have not had of late to watch so carefully, constantly, and even anxiously for this great error; for a French *gramme* or *gram* is 15 grains. I never use French weights or measures when it can possibly be avoided, and I always spell *gramme* in full, for fear that gram may be mistaken for grain written without a dot over the i.

I had made the simple calculations carefully, and had written them out for the REVIEW, that two (2) grains to the quart will give 1 grain to each pint; $\frac{1}{2}$ grain to each $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, or ordinary tumblerful; $\frac{1}{4}$ grain to each claret-glass; and $\frac{1}{8}$ th grain, or less, to each wine-glass, for wine and sherry glasses often run from 5 to 7 to the $\frac{1}{2}$ pint, which would reduce each dose to $\frac{1}{6}$ th or even $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a grain. I seemed on safe ground, and in the extreme condensation and compression of my article, which was necessary at a late moment, had to omit or strike out these minute directions, and all that I had prepared about the solutions 1 to 5,000 and 1 to 10,000, the latter of which I prefer. I have never personally prescribed more than $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a grain, and generally only $\frac{1}{8}$ d.

The German physicians are allowed by law to give $\frac{1}{2}$ grain doses, but not to exceed $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains per day. The English physicians often give $\frac{1}{4}$ grain doses, and some writers recommend them in this country. Doses of $\frac{1}{8}$ th of a grain are often given; but the medium dose is from $\frac{1}{16}$ th to $\frac{1}{8}$ th of a grain. Dr. Hernberg, a very cautious man, suggests $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a grain, in cholera, every five minutes for

the first hour, or until nearly a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a grain is given; then every ten minutes for two hours more, or until nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ a grain is administered; and adds, "It may be that larger doses could be tolerated."

It only remains to add that no solution of corrosive sublimate called 1 to 500 should be given internally except in doses of a few drops; even 1 to 5,000 is not safe in wineglassful doses.

JOHN C. PETERS.

MR. EDITOR: It is worth noticing that in the interesting conversation in the July number, between Henry George and David Dudley Field, the soundness of Mr. George's primary dogma, that private land-ownership should be abolished and common ownership established, is not questioned at all by Mr. Field. He questions only the practicability of Mr. George's scheme of land nationalization. Mr. Field has the best of it there. The most sincere admirers of Henry George are of opinion that he has not finished his great work. He has not solved the problem that was the base of his "Progress and Poverty." Land nationalization, as he states it, is palpably impracticable. But the justice of Mr. George's main proposition, that private property in land is an injustice to human kind generally, cannot, I think, be doubted. Mr. Field, I believe, tacitly admits it. What is wanted, then, is a plan better than Mr. George's for accomplishing the desired reform in the structure of human society. Such a plan, in my opinion, is that elucidated in "Man's Birthright; or, the Higher Law of Property," a little book recently published in New York and London. It is a condensation and simplification of "Ownership and Sovereignty," published a few years ago by David Reeves Smith, a work which never received the attention its importance merited. The theory presented accomplishes more than Mr. George would accomplish, and still has points to commend it to a conservative thinker. The higher law of property, as stated, is this: Man comes into the world with not only an interest in land, which is one of the natural elements necessary to his existence, but with an interest, too, in all things of the material world outside of man himself—all the accumulated wealth of the world.

At first glance this proposition seems like rank communism; but when stated properly it seems an unanswerable truth. Every product of the hand of man is the result of a combination of what Aristotle called "the bounty of Nature," and labor. This bounty of Nature, in the forms of timber, stone, iron, gold, etc., has been taken out of land for thousands of years and transmuted into everything that man has wrought. Thus our ships and railroads are but land, or the bounty of Nature, transmuted. Matter has no existence for itself; it exists for the conscious, the living. When a man dies, his right to utilize any part of the material wealth of the universe dies with him; and his possessions, the unconscious, revert to the common stock, to be the property of the conscious. Let me quote a paragraph: "The people own the earth—own it while they live on it—each generation while they possess it. But the people die. Statistics teach that two persons in every hundred die yearly. If such is the case, two per cent. of the country's wealth falls back annually into the common estate. If, at the death of every citizen who now passes away from the

earth, his effects should be seized by their sovereign owner, it would take just fifty years for the reversion of present individual property to the general store. But this direct reversion is not the thing wanted, for the whole property would have to be again distributed into individual hands in order to make its full value as they one." If the wealth of the earth reverts from one generation to another every fifty years, two per cent. reverts every year. Thus the interest of the universal estate—what might be termed the natural rent of it—is exactly two per cent. The share of the sovereign owner, therefore, may be simply levied and collected as a tax—an annual two per cent. tax upon all assets. This could be done, and disturb social institutions very little. Anybody and everybody may hold property, may buy and sell, own and bequeath it, precisely as they do under the present laws and customs. But the possessors will have to pay the annual rent of it. This will fall equally upon the millionaire and the laborer. This simple and natural tax would be sufficient to defray the expenses of government while dispensing with the pernicious and confusing tax systems of the present. It might leave room, too, for the accomplishment of all the beneficent projects of Mr. George. All the objections that Mr. Field makes to Mr. George's plans are satisfactorily disposed of in this newer philosophy. All that Mr. George would accomplish by his complex and radical land nationalization, and more besides, may be accomplished by the simple and unrevolutionary tax based on the death rate. It appears very just and very practicable. What does Mr. Field think of it? What does Mr. George think of it?

C. O'C. HENNESSY.

MR. EDITOR : In the conversation between David Dudley Field and Henry George, both contestants claim "Christianity," "the Christian religion," as supporting their views, and Mr. George says: "Christianity that does not assert the natural rights of man . . . seems to me a travesty. A Christian has something to do as a citizen and law-maker." If we hold Christianity to mean the rules of life contained in the Christian Scriptures, I do not see how Mr. George can find confirmation there for his doctrine above stated. Certainly, there is much in the New Testament to conflict with that doctrine. The writers of that book and Jesus never once speak of the Christian disciple as a citizen and law-maker. He is always addressed as a subject, and a subject bound to render obedience (except in matters of faith) to whatever the ruling power may require of him. Neither does Christianity (so defined) at all "assert the natural rights of man." On the contrary, it enjoins on the disciple submission and non-resistance, even when the ruling power is as oppressive as Nero and Tiberius were. The reason for this absence of inculcation of civil and political duties seems to have been that Jesus, and therefore the apostles, really expected a winding up of human affairs, and the establishment of new heavens and a new earth, within the lifetime of their own generation. But, whether this reason or some other induced the policy in question, the fact remains that the New Testament rule for Christians is non-resistance and patient submission to injury; and, this being so, the French and American revolutions, and our late war against rebellion and slavery, were violations of that rule.

People that write about Christianity rarely define the particular sense in which they use that word, and seem to assume that their readers will understand it as they do. But the popular conception of Christianity is a heterogeneous mixture, including sometimes more, sometimes less, of the following things : The teaching and example of Jesus and the apostles recorded in the New Testament ; the teaching of Moses, the prophets, and the other writers recorded in the Old Testament ; the doctrines of the creeds ; the customs of the churches. Since Christianity is so differently understood and interpreted by different people, he that writes about it would do well to state clearly his own view of its meaning and scope. I hold Christians to be those who, accepting Jesus of Nazareth as the fulfillment of the Messianic prophecies of Hebrew Scripture, acknowledge him therefore as Christ and Lord, and acknowledge the duty of conforming their lives to his precepts. What does Mr. George mean by Christianity ? And what does the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst mean by it when, in the same number, he seems to assume that Irish immigrants are not to be reckoned as Christians ?

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

MR. EDITOR : I would like to add one word to the controversy called out by the articles of Mrs. Stanton and Bishop Spalding on the question, " Has Christianity benefited Woman ? " The June number of your REVIEW contains a letter from Mrs. or Miss Charlotte F. Daly. She attempts—what has often been attempted before—to distinguish between " Christianity " and " the teachings of the Christ ; " but not with signal success. While recognizing the fact that monasticism has easily made itself at home in Christianity, she assumes that there is no basis for it in the words of Jesus. She even thinks it blasphemy to suppose that he would have countenanced anything of the kind. Let us see then if this is true. It is supposed that John, the favorite disciple, was the author of Revelation. By a reference to the 14th chapter and the 4th verse, it will be seen that he placed virginity far above the married state. The 7th chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians shows this also to have been the opinion of the great apostle. One might argue, with some degree of success, that John and Paul had some exceptional opportunities for knowing what Jesus thought on a subject like this. But, by turning to Matthew, chap. xix. and verses 10-12, we find better authority still—that of the Christ himself. He there plainly intimates that the virgin condition, though one of difficulty, is also one of superiority. And he closes with, " He that is able to receive it, let him receive it. " And not only this, but a wrong inference would be drawn from the example of one who was supposed to be our perfect pattern of life. In this way his example has actually been used, and is so used to-day by the Shakers. I will not open up the larger question as to whether it is a good thing or a bad thing ; but it seems to me unquestionably a true thing, that Christian monasticism is not an exotic. It roots itself not only in the words of apostles, but is the teaching of Christ himself.

M. J. SAVAGE.

MR. EDITOR : The articles on woman's dress, in the June number of the REVIEW, were read aloud before a group of persons, some of whom had given

the question much thought, and the general opinion seemed to be that one of the writers was more influenced by what has passed for the beautiful in society than by a regard for health. Not a word did he say in condemnation of the corset. On the contrary, in speaking of petticoats, the sentence, "by fastening them with strings or bands around the waist, over the corset," gives the impression that he makes no objection to these contrivances, which I suppose have helped to injure more women than any work or care. Let him try the experiment of a day's work with several petticoats hung from his hips, and then let him suspend them from his shoulders, and see if he will still say, "it is to be hoped it will not spread"—meaning the support of the skirts from the shoulders. I do not think shoulder-straps need make one round-shouldered, nor have I found that they hinder the chest movement. They render motion much easier and less tiresome, with fewer back-aches. But even here his most important argument against them seems to be that they would interfere with the low-neck dress. What a pity! How thoughtful he is, too, of woman's sensitiveness to class distinctions, when he would put all those that must work for a living into trousers, "even at the sacrifice of warmth and beauty," while the draperies should be reserved for the ladies of leisure, the ornaments of society. Miss Jackson, on the other hand, not only shows us the great injury arising from corsets, many petticoats, or whatever tends to interfere with the working of the vital organs, but also helps us out of the difficulty by several very sensible and practicable suggestions; as for instance, the wearing of outside drawers of ladies-cloth or flannel in winter, instead of the usual skirt, and the simple trimmed dress in preference to the one heavily loaded with drapery and plaitings. Dr. Hammond seems to consider that his advice will not be heeded, and women will dress as they like; but it is a well-known fact that they dress for man's approval, and if no word of censure is spoken by one of his medical experience, against the corset and heavy petticoats, we shall continue to see young girls encased in rigid bones and steel, which prevent the development of those very beauties generally considered by man most pleasing, to say nothing of the evil results to health and activity; and we shall still find fleshy women girding in the waist, till one stops in amazement at their endurance of torture. Mr. Warner speaks with force on this point, and we wish every man might be led to join him in disapproving of such a form, as contrary to all laws of beauty and common-sense.

ALICE H. WITHERBEE.

MR. EDITOR: I was greatly interested in the conversation between Messrs. Field and George. The latter proposes to remedy social economic evils by taxing land at its value without improvements. My only present object is to call attention to the fact that this method of taxation has been partially tried in this country. The earlier policy of Ohio was, by means of the taxing power, to encourage farm improvements and discourage the holding of large bodies of unimproved land. The following is from the acts of 1831, page 276: "All lands shall be valued at their true value in money, taking into consideration the fertility and quality of the soil, the vicinity of the same to public roads,

towns or villages, navigable rivers, water privileges on the same, or location and route of canal or canals, with any other local advantages of situation, and having no reference to the value of improvements—upon actual view of the same.” This provision did not extend to towns or cities, and it was further provided that dwelling-houses over the value of three hundred dollars should be assessed. Non-resident land-holders complained, and some residents thought it hardly fair that land, whose improvements rendered it worth in market three or four times the value of neighboring unimproved land, should pay only the same tax ; but still it was easy to see that the chief value of such land was given it by the labor of those who had come into the State, had cleared and cultivated farms, had built roads and canals, had organized society, and established institutions. Without any of the labor and frontier privation involved in all this, the non-resident land-holders received the full benefit, so far as shown in the increased value of naked land. This policy was not extended to cities, but, so far as it went, it worked well, and aided in the distribution of land among those who desired to use it. Still it did not reproduce the golden age, and, if the more radical measures of Mr. George should be realized, we should still find poverty and want calling for our sympathies, should still find disease, ignorance, indolence, improvidence, misfortune, crime, and their fruits, which no economic system can prevent or cure.

PHILEMON BLISS.

MR. EDITOR: In Dr. Parkhurst's article, in the July number of the REVIEW, he cites, with propriety and strength, the nature of the Christian religion as antagonizing the natural instincts of man. The point is well taken, but there is another point, corresponding with this, which should be kept in mind when estimating the vigor of Christianity and the progress it is making. I refer to the indolence and inconsistency of church-membership, and the burning personal ambition that marks so many of the clergy. If the clergy were all meek, self-sacrificing, willing to work hard in the humblest places, foregoing all rights to preferment and promotion ; if the members were even half-way models in righteousness and quarter-way models of diligence, and in a little models of faith, the Church's progress would not only be reasonable, but we might expect a great deal more. But when conferences are torn with bitter struggles for the best places ; when open charges are made in assemblies of electioneering for the high places ; when the religious conventions of other denominations are marked most painfully with the traces of rivalry and jealousy ; and when but a small fraction of any church-membership are found exerting themselves to any greater works of faith and stewardship than attending Sunday services and contributing to charities—the growth of the Church becomes more than a miracle, and the continual improvement of the tone and purity of society under its defective influence reveals the perfection of the Holy Spirit acting through the church. Peter the Reader is still a living character, but the church lived in spite of him once, does now, and always will, with a still increasing power.

C. T. JAMIESON.